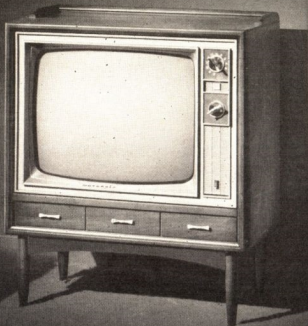


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your home, check this  
trim, big-screen console**

What do you want in TV? Big picture? Attractive styling? Reliable operation? Here's a 23-inch console (overall diag. tube meas.; 283 sq. in. picture viewing area) that has them all.

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\*The manufacturer's suggested list price—\$239.95 for Model 23K122M—is optional with dealers, slightly higher in some areas. Your Motorola dealer also has a complete line

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**MOTOROLA**

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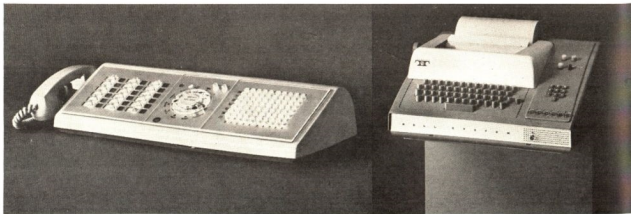
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SOURCE: ABC STATEMENTS



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*When? Where? Why?*

*What's behind this?*

*What's ahead of it?*

*Answering these questions is the function of a newspaper.*

Nowhere could it be more important to tell and interpret the news correctly and completely than in Washington, D. C. And which newspaper in Washington seems to do this best?

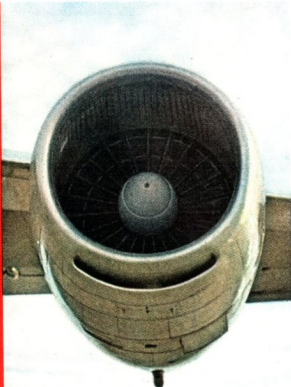
It must be The Washington Post...widely honored for journalistic excellence...read by 50 per cent more people than any other Washington newspaper.



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Me

lions of flying miles. And remember, only Iberia gives you *Fan Jet power* on every flight across the North Atlantic. This cuts flying time, adds to your comfort and confidence.

DC-8 Fan Jets daily (excluding Sunday), New York to Madrid, the new gateway to Europe. Non-stop except Thursday, when you get to visit unforgettable Lisbon. *Miss Falkenburg's wardrobe from Saks Fifth Avenue.*

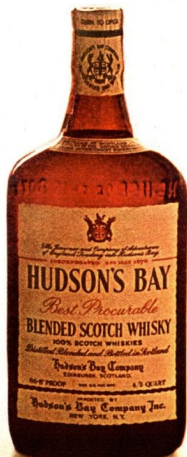
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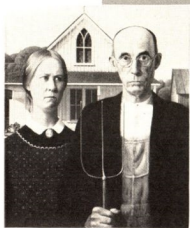


Now that you have acquired  
a taste for scotch...



you are ready for  
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Scotch takes a bit of getting used to. The novice will sip into it gradually. Probably start with one of the well-known "light" scotches. But once you acquire the taste, it's time for the rich full body and character of Hudson's Bay Best Procurable. (If you'd like to see how totally unlike great scotches can be, taste and compare a jigger of Hudson's Bay with a jigger of any of the others.)



Grant Wood's "American Gothic" from a print with permission of The New York Graphic Society and The Chicago Art Museum.

## Neither pitchfork nor sourpuss suggest today's successful farmers!

Get a load of Grant Wood's Depression duo. Then eyes right, to the Bob Buths, present day farm family, of Stanford, Ill

Bob was born on the 240 acre farm he now operates, with an additional 210 leased acres, 450 in all. He has a herd of 40 milk cows, 20 heifers; has upped milk production since 1959 from 9,900 to 13,200 lbs. per cow. And averages 115 bushels of corn per acre. In 1958, he built a new loafing shed and milking parlor. Outside interests: Sunday school teacher, secretary DHIA county board, director community swim pool.

Mrs. Buth, town gal, learned farming the hard way. With four daughters, aged 2 to 10, they live in the old house, comfortably furnished, oil heated, with every labor saving device.

General objectives: Pay off debts, mortgage; save for the girls' education, and a trip abroad.

Up-coming Bob Buth is typical of the new farm businessman. His investment grows steadily. His operation is more complex, with new methods, machinery, equipment, chemicals, ever changing market conditions. Successful Farming serves as

his management counsel—helps him make his decisions on the basis of actual applications that have worked. No other publication duplicates SF's function, nor its influence earned by sixty years of service.

THIS magazine attracts only major farm producers and their families—an active class market that represents a major share of the country's farm buying power. And Successful Farming offers exceptional reader reception and response to the advertising in its pages.

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## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 23

**CBS REPORTS** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.)\* Postponed from last week. Author Jessica Mitford (*The American Way of Death*) and other critics of U.S. funeral practices.

**THE ELEVENTH HOUR** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Psychiatrist Ralph Bellamy assigns Nurse Diahann Carroll to rehabilitate Patient Robert Wagner, who has lost his looks.

**THE DANNY KAYE SHOW** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Guest: Gene Kelly.

Friday, October 25

**BURKE'S LAW** (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). The owner of a key club and girlie mag is murdered. Suspects include Sammy Davis Jr., Burgess Meredith, Suzy Parker, Diana Dors, Arlene Dahl, John Ireland and Jan Sterling.

**BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Andy Griffith, Martha Raye, Jane Russell and Dodger Pitcher Sandy Koufax.

**ROUTE 66** (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Tammy Grimes plays an acoustical engineer in a script by Sterling Silliphant.

**TWILIGHT ZONE** (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Rod Serling's "The Last Night of a Jockey," starring Mickey Rooney.

**THE WORLD'S GIRLS** (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A special on women around the world.

Saturday, October 26

**EXPLORING** (NBC, 1-2 p.m.). A child's view of the life and work of Architect Frank Lloyd Wright.

**ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS** (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). National Karting championships from Rockford, Ill. and National AAU Outdoor Synchronized Swimming championships from Washington, D.C.

**THE DEFENDERS** (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). The Prestons take on a case of possible surgical malpractice.

**SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES** (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.). *Something of Value*, the screen version of Robert Ruark's *Mau Mau* novel, with Rock Hudson, Sidney Poitier, Dana Wynter and Wendy Hiller.

Sunday, October 27

**NBC NEWS ENCORE** (NBC, 3-4 p.m.). This program, featuring reruns of NBC News specials, repeats 1961's "Vincent van Gogh: A Self-Portrait." Color.

**SUNDAY** (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). The premiere of a new kind of news show that will cover the week's events in national and foreign affairs, music, science, art, medicine, books, sports, motion pictures and the theater.

**THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW** (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). The Moscow State Circus, featuring the Koshenov Cossack Riders and a bear who rides a motorcycle.

**THE APRIL IN PARIS BALL** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). From the Americana Hotel in Manhattan, a look at a high-society bash, with entertainment provided by Liza Minnelli, Peter Duchin and Frank Sinatra Jr.

Monday, October 28

**HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS** (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). The career of Al Jolson.

**EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Lee Grant and Norman Fell guest-star in

All times E.D.T. through October 26, E.S.T. thereafter.

TIME, OCTOBER 25, 1963





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## Box yourself in.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon looks like a box because it's built like a box.

It lets you store the most possible stuff in the least possible space.

(The fact is, the VW carries more than the biggest regular wagons, even though it's 4 feet shorter.)

The VW's floor plan looks like any nice little room, except that it has 8 chairs, 21 windows, 5 doors and a high ceiling.

You can't see the engine because it's in the back, out of the way.

If you aren't the curious type, you may never see the engine. No reason to. It rarely uses oil between changes. And it's air-cooled, so there's no water or antifreeze.)

But the real fun comes when you climb into the box and get behind the wheel.

Ahead of you, there's nothing but view; it's head and shoulders above other cars.

Behind you, there's nothing but space. It looks a mile long, but it's really only 9 inches longer than the Volkswagen Sedan. So you can park it like the Sedan.

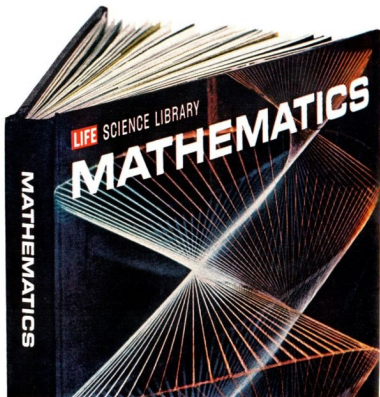
And like the Sedan, you get a lot of extras: theater/defroster, 4-speed stick shift, etc.) at no extra cost.

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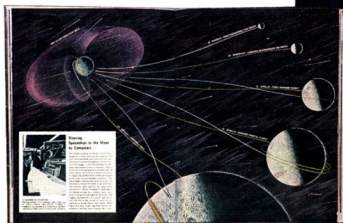
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## **THEATER**

**THE PRIVATE EAR** and **THE PUBLIC EYE**, by Peter Shaffer, are clever, stylish, airy and bittersweet. These two one-acters explore the moods of love, antic and frantic. The players—Barry Foster, Geraldine McEwan, Brian Bedford and Moray Watson—are attuned like a fine string quartet.

**A CASE OF LIBEL**, adapted by Henry Denker from Louis (My Life in Court) Nizer's account of the Quentin Reynolds-Westbrook Pegler libel fracas, is tame theater fare, but courtroom drama buffs may relish it, and Van Heflin is a peppery paladin of justice.

**CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING**, by Arnold Wesker, fights the class war at an R.A.F. base during a conscript training cycle. The play is good-humored, brisk, abrasive, and a scorching evening of theater.

**HERE'S LOVE**. Meredith Willson's *Music Man* bounce has deserted him in this musical adaptation of the movie *Miracle on 34th Street*. It may be Christmas time in the script, but the show has all the festive gaiety of Maundy Thursday.

**THE REHEARSAL**. Purity corrupted is a theme that obsesses French Playwright Jean Anouilh. In this prismatic and bitter comedy, a count's true love for a governess is destroyed by some sophisticated drawing-room criminals.

**LUTHER**, by John Osborne, may not be everyone's conception of the towering Christian who started the Reformation, but it is a dynamic portrait of a fiery Promethean rebel. To see Albert Finney in *Luther* is to watch chained lightning hit the boards.

## **CINEMA**

**TOM JONES**. Director Tony Richardson has made the greatest comic novel in the language into a gaudy, bawdy, bloody, beautiful and side-shatteringly funny farce, the best British movie since Olivier's *Henry V*. Albert Finney plays the hero as a marvelously likable lout, and Hugh Griffith hilariously demonstrates that in the good old days an Englishman whose passion was the chase could usually run down a pretty little deer.

**MY LIFE TO LIVE**. In his fourth film, the first to reach the U.S. since *Breathless*, French Director Jean-Luc Godard has compiled another dazzling textbook of cinema technique, and has composed a lyric poem of images about a woman who sells her body and saves her soul.

**THE RUNNING MAN**, not to be confused with *The Third Man*, *Odd Man Out*, *The Man Between* or *Our Man in Havana*, is another exciting *Manhunt* directed by Britain's Sir Carol Reed, but the trick this time is to know who is hunting whom.

**THE V.I.P.S.** It isn't much fun to spend the night in an airport, but somehow Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Louis Jourdan, Orson Welles, Rod Taylor, Margaret Rutherford and Director Anthony Asquith manage to make it seem that way.

**THE CONJUGAL BED**. A very funny, very salty Italian tale about a middle-aged man (Ugo Tognazzi) who marries a young girl (Marina Vlady) and makes an embarrassing discovery: the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, are pretty to look at but tiring to harvest.

**THE MUSIC ROOM**. Another fine film from India's Satyajit Ray (the *Apu* tril-





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More people are saying "Teacher's, please" than ever before.

This is because Scotch drinkers have told each other about Teacher's *unmistakable flavour*.

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The chef, above, is one good reason Braniff's service is so spectacular. He's been practicing the art of culinary magic for many years, and the results are deliciously in evidence on every Braniff Silver Service Flight.

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# **Chemical New York**

ogy): the tragedy of a snob who dissipates a fortune to impress a man he despises.

**THE SUITOR.** A young French funnyman named Pierre Etaix wrote, directed and personally interprets this remarkable succession of sight gags.

**THE LEOPARD.** Burt Lancaster gives the finest performance of his career in one of the year's finest films: Luchino Visconti's noble, ironic and richly mournful lament for the death of feudalism in Sicily.

## BOOKS Best Reading

**THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD,** edited by Andrew Turnbull. These open, wonderfully touching letters follow the novelist from his precocious literary success to his personal and financial misery in the '30s, when he watched his wife go mad and his best work scorned.

**CHALLENGE TO AFFLUENCE,** by Gunnar Myrdal. Attacking the Galbraithian theory of the affluent society, the eminent Swedish sociologist argues that the U.S. has to raise its economic growth rate from the current 1% and start producing again.

**BEYOND THE MELTING POT,** by Nathan Glazer and Daniel Moynihan. The authors' conclusion is that the pot does not melt. Whether or not one agrees, their blunt approach to the thickets of sociology and freewheeling statements about national characteristics make excellent reading.

**THE BLUE LANTERN,** by Colette. The great French novelist's last major work, written when she was crippled by arthritis, is an unsentimental record of how it was with a poet of the senses whose senses were failing.

**THE FAIR SISTER,** by William Goyen. Savata Drew turned from dancing in a strip joint to becoming the most successful bishop in a Negro evangelical sect in Brooklyn. White Texan William Goyen tells her story with sympathy and wit.

**SAINT GENET,** by Jean-Paul Sartre. The eminent existentialist argues that Jean Genet, thief, pederast, poet, pornographer, playwright (*The Blacks*), is a walking allegory of modern man.

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

1. The Group, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (2)
3. Corvans, Michener (3)
4. On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Fleming (5)
5. The Collector, Fowles (4)
6. Elizabeth Appleton, O'Hara (7)
7. The Three Sirens, Wallace (10)
8. Joy in the Morning, Smith (8)
9. City of Night, Rechy (9)
10. Powers of Attorney, Auchincloss (6)

### NONFICTION

1. The American Way of Death, Mitford (1)
2. J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Lasky (2)
3. The Fire Next Time, Baldwin (5)
4. My Darling Clementine, Fishman (4)
5. Roscol, North (3)
6. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (6)
7. The Whole Truth and Nothing But, Hopper (7)
8. The Wine Is Bitter, Eisenhower
9. The Day They Shook the Plum Tree, Lewis (8)
10. The Education of American Teachers, Conant

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two  
kinds of  
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**MYERS RUM MAKES THE MAN'S DRINK!** A light, breezy beverage is nice for the ladies . . . but Myers does things in a masculine way. It's a Jamaica rum, 97 Proof, spirited, golden and robust. Adds great character and flavor—a man's kind of flavor—to almost any drink. This tropical Planters' Punch is a classic example. For 2 tall drinks: mix 2 tsp. sugar, juice of 1 lemon (or lime), 4 oz. Myers Rum, 2 dashes bitters, 1 dash grenadine in shaker filled with ice. Shake, strain into glasses over shaved ice; add plain soda. You'll relish Myers' full-bodied flavor.

**97 PROOF.**



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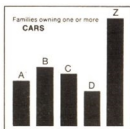
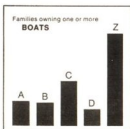




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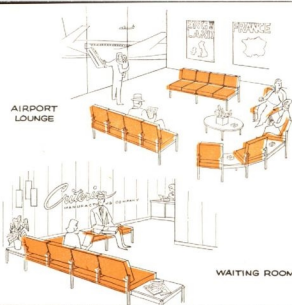
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2,425,075 Circulation 12/31/62

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

Source all figures: Stanek Consumer Magazine Report '63  
Standard Rate & Data Service, Inc.

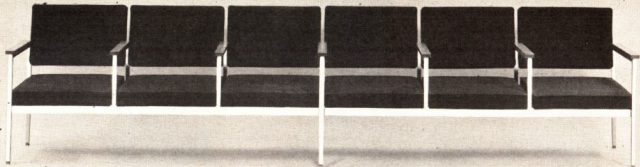
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We asked Maria Bergson, noted interior designer, to prepare the sketches above showing various distinctive arrangements that can be accomplished with Scope-H furniture. We hope that one of these sketches will spark an idea for your use of Scope-H.



## THE PLENTY MARKET IS THE TWENTY MARKET

and Harper's Bazaar has it!

Yes, the 17 year old of 1957 is now going on 24. In the next seven years the growth market is not 15 to 19 as it has been for the last seven years, but 20 to 29, with special stress on 20 to 24.

In 1964 there will be 6½ million 20 to 24 year old women in the United States. There will be 5½ million 25 to 29 year old women. Almost a half million of this total will be reading HARPER'S BAZAAR.

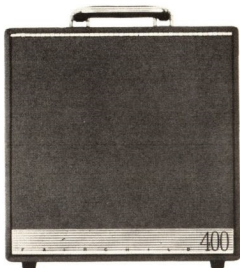
In 1965 this figure will go up 2.5 per cent. It will keep going up for the next seven years.

The new Simmons report confirms that they are already turning to Harper's Bazaar in greater numbers than to any other high fashion magazine!

The woman in her twenties is more alive, more responsive . . . loving fashion as fashion loves her. She reads Bazaar avidly—and acts. Ask any smart retailer.

She's the kind of customer you've dreamed about. So take her—she's almost yours!

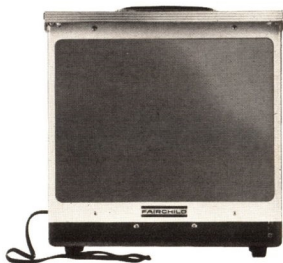
**HARPER'S**  
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THE TASTE THAT SETS THE TREND



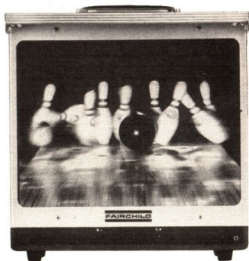
**Shake his hand.**



**Open the box.**



**Plug it in.**



**Let 'er roll.**

This revolutionary projector sells your product anywhere. In sound and color. In broad daylight. Sets up in 10 seconds—and repeats automatically.

Technically, the Fairchild 400 is an 8mm rear-screen sound movie projector. It works more like a TV set, except you don't have to fuss with the focus.

The Fairchild weighs less than a portable typewriter and takes up less than 2 sq. ft.—wide open.

It shows up to 20 minutes' worth of color sound film. Requires no warm-up. Takes just 10 seconds to set up, plug in and turn on. *On is when it counts.*

You can demonstrate snow removal in July, a turboprop on a desktop or review a year's research in a minute. Take your customer on a field trip, a test run, or a tour of the plant. Right where he signs the

orders. When the commercial's over, the Fairchild's ready to repeat, automatically, up to 3000 times per print.

As we said, the Fairchild is an 8mm machine—the most reliable and modern ever made—but any 16mm or 35mm film can be quickly and easily reduced to 8, sound and all.

Thousands of Fairchild 400s have already gone into use. They're helping sales-

men multiply sales of automobiles, building materials, shoes, computers, bowling alleys, advertising pages and brassieres. They're converting par salesmen into crackerjacks. Demonstrating product advantages everywhere. Concisely. Dramatically.

If you have a product the Fairchild might help, call or write. We'll rush one over and plug it in.

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There is an electrifying moment when you first see the Custom Royal suit before you. It *commands* your instant attention. As you handle the fabrics, you feel a sense of deep satisfaction. For the Custom Royal speaks of quality in every single thread of the exclusive fabrics, in every meticulous detail of tailoring, in the beautiful comfort

of its fit. An award-winner since its introduction, the Custom Royal has been winning enthusiastic friends ever since. It is pure luxury in every single aspect, *excepting* the price. Custom Royal suits are \$85.00 (slightly higher in the West). Also an inspired range of outercoats, sport coats and slacks.

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At your 'Botany' 500 dealer or write: H. DAROFF & SONS, INC., 2300 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa. A SUBSIDIARY OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES. Sanitized® for hygienic freshness.



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MODERN air travel by Iberia DC-8 jets makes it easy for you to enjoy the remarkable beauty, climate and prices of Spain.

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On the Mediterranean, there's a three-hundred-mile stretch of beaches along Costa Brava, Costa Blanca and Costa del Sol. On the Atlantic, there are the resort

cities of Santander and San Sebastian.

You can count on good weather from March to November along Costa Brava and Costa Blanca. And you can swim year round at Costa del Sol.

Hotel accommodations are good throughout Spain. In the cities, you have a wide choice of first class and de luxe hotels. In the country, Spain has a unique chain of government-operated *paradores* (guest houses). Many are converted castles and palaces. Rates are exceptionally low.

Spanish food is hearty, but not nearly as spicy as many people believe. A typical

meal may include Gazpacho (an excellent soup made from cucumbers, garlic, tomatoes, and a dozen other ingredients). *Cochinillo asado* (roast suckling pig). And a half bottle of wine.

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The Prado Museum in Madrid has one of the finest art collections in the world. Admission charge is 10 pesetas (16 cents).

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# LETTERS

## Jolly Roger

Sir: Splendid article [Oct. 18] on the college quarterback, featuring Navy Ace Roger Staubach, the leading contender for the Heisman Trophy at this stage of the campaign with Georgia Tech's Billy Lothridge in close pursuit. As a longtime sports editor in the Deep South before coming East two seasons ago, and as a member of this year's Lambert Trophy committee, I find it a pleasure to see that college football is just as competitive in this area as it was in the South.

JIMMIE McDOWELL  
Executive Sports Editor

Trenton Times Newspapers  
Trenton, N.J.

Sir: "Roger Thomas Staubach, 21, Naval Academy midshipman and college quarterback beyond compare. . ."

Beyond compare?

You neglected to mention the name of S.M.U.'s quarterback. You know, the one who directed his team to victory over Staubach.

PHILIP DE BEAUBIEN

Ormond Beach, Fla.

► We know. But the man who won that game for S.M.U. was John Roderick, a track man turned halfback.—ED.

Sir:

*With Roger commanding the ship,  
Army at home should remain.  
Or else they'll take a trip  
Down to the fishes' domain.*

Only the score is uncertain.

PAT PHILLIPS

Detroit

## The Law

Sir: You ignored the poetic justice rendered to Justices Black and Douglas when you cited the Betts and Gideon cases in your new Law section [Oct. 18]. These justices dissented in Betts in 1942 and were vindicated in Gideon in 1963.

Gideon shows that the "due process" clause of the 14th Amendment now appears to compel the states to apply the guarantees of the Constitution's Bill of Rights in toto. Justice Harlan alone expressed serious reservations regarding the legality and wisdom of this principle.

As to your Law section generally, TIME should be commended for furnishing its readers with some understanding of legal problems.

NORMAN ROTHFELD

Chairman  
Committee on Education

Federal Bar Association of New York,  
New Jersey and Connecticut  
New York City

Sir: Congratulations on your new section entitled "The Law" and in joining the three "black professions" under one cover.

Religion, Medicine and the Law are inexorably intertwined not only in life but now in TIME, but more so in *extremis*.

With three staffers, you should have an occasional dissent so that your readers will know that you have avoided the last referred-to condition.

EDWARD M. ZABIELSKI  
Schenectady, N.Y.

## Britain's Other Harold

Sir: Your reporting of Britain's Labor Party [Oct. 11] was very fair. It would certainly seem that Mr. Harold Wilson's

party will assume power at the next General Election. As a Socialist myself, I should welcome this with open arms, but unfortunately I don't.

I wouldn't want to see the Conservatives thrown out of power because of the Keeler-Profumo affair earlier this year. For it must be fairly said that the Tories have done their duty in the past twelve years.

Just how many people in Britain are taking any harm today? True, unemployment does exist, but could any other government do any more than is being done at the present moment? I don't think so.

We know Mr. Harold Macmillan has slipped up on odd occasions, but look at his help in getting the test ban treaty signed. Now, thank God, he is making way for a new man, a new image, something that can make the Tories great again.

K. MORGAN

Millom, England

## The Fiery Madame

This is in defense of Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu in defiance of the tendency of the American press to oversimplify and feed us pap with their pulp.

Not too long ago we were served with Castro as a good guy. He had a beard, lived in the hills and headed a people's revolt. Given his head, that character carried the plot into a Red sunset.

Now we have Mme. Nhu as the "Dragon Lady," the complete villainess. If we are again duped by the Communists because of this prejudice, if we are hoodwinked out of Viet Nam because of dislike for this woman, then immolation by fire would be too good for all who slant the news for the sake of good copy.

(MRS.) ANGELICA ZYLWOSKI

Parma, Ohio

Sir: After receiving untold millions of dollars and thousands of U.N. troops (mostly Americans) to help protect Viet Nam, and to bribe her to keep her from going Communist, Mme. Nhu, First Lady of Viet Nam, insults the hand that feeds her, by running down American officers.

SUZANNE TAFT

Hollywood, Fla.

Sir: There is something very sick about our country when an anti-Communist Christian lady like Mme. Nhu is vilified by the U.S. press and a Communist gangster like Tito is invited to the White House.

EMIL D. CRISCITIELLO

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir: I have an intuitive respect for "fiery" Mme. Nhu. She is a moralist and a

woman who courageously upholds the teachings of Christ.

Though it is difficult to listen to an alien who so frankly divulges our faults, we should not fear her. Perhaps it would do us good to heed her admonitions.

MRS. D. A. SMITH

North Babylon, N.Y.

## One Man's Bite Is Another's Bread

Sir: A control on trade does not decrease the military stature of the Soviet Union and its satellites. It is ridiculous to assume that trade restrictions will hinder development of Soviet military power. Since we are only hurting ourselves, and not the Communists, with our existing trade policies, why not increase trade with Communist countries?

HENRY J. LYONS

Boston

Sir: Everyone knows it's a fool who bites the hand that feeds him. Now to top that comes the New Frontier fool: one who feeds the hand that bites him [Oct. 18].

PHYLLIS M. KLEIN

Warwick, N.Y.

## A Rave & a Lump

Sir: Thank you for employing and publishing a theater critic who exhibits acute sensitivity to the medium, keen judgment of both general and particular values, and a capacity for genuine enthusiasm. Your Ted Kalem is specific about what he likes and dislikes; consequently, one can learn much from his reviews without having to agree with their evaluations (though I admit to the latter tendency).

My praise is triggered by Mr. Kalem's characteristically incisive comment on Osborne's *Luther* and Anouilh's *The Rehearsal* in your issue of Oct. 4. He could be mistaken for no other critic, though his unique excellence is akin to that of our greatest theater critic, the late Stark Young.

PAUL R. BARSTOW

Wellesley College Theatre  
Wellesley, Mass.

Sir: Good Heavens! What kind of a Scrooge do you have working for you as a critic?

*Here's Love* is a delight in every way. Meredith Willson has given us another gem, chock-full of all the gaiety, excellent performances, good dancing, music, etc. needed to guarantee theatergoers a perfect afternoon or evening of the finest entertainment.

See it—one and all—and do not pay

\* Who wrote for the New York Times, the New Republic and other publications.

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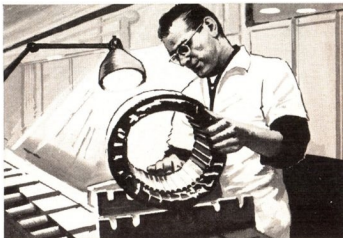
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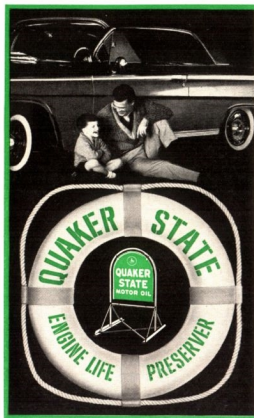
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the least bit of attention to this "monster" who wrote such a sarcastic and completely untrue review of it [Oct. 11]. He is sure to receive just one small lump of coal in his stocking this year!

ALICE C. MCINTYRE

Philadelphia

Sir: I would have you know that Laurence Naismith's beard, which you imply is false, is real, real, real! How do I know? I pulled it hard at a dinner party when he was in this country with the English company that presented us with *School for Scandal*.

Don't judge all Santa Clauses by the ones you meet on Fifth Avenue.

MRS. M. P. WILKINSON

Shelter Island, N.Y.

► But *Time* said that Naismith had a Monty Woolley beard, and that was real Woolley.—Ed.

#### Pride of Workmanship

Sir: Your [Oct. 11] story on NASA's report concerning Mercury contractors confirms my feelings regarding the "lack of satisfactory quality of workmanship" and general integrity displayed in many too many American-made products and services.

I charge business and union with neglect in meeting their responsibilities in giving the consumer what he is led to believe he has paid for. Whether I pay \$2.50 for a toy, \$25 for wearing apparel, \$2,500 for a car, \$25,000 for a home, or \$25 million for a Mercury shot, the product too often contains the same careless construction and careful avoidance of detail, quality and followup. There is more than quality of workmanship lacking—there is pride of workmanship.

DON WOOLF

Seal Beach, Calif.

#### Pickled Pigeons

Sir: Boston may be backward on matters of education, but on the extermination of pigeons [Oct. 18] it surely ranks No. 1! I submit the following method, which we used three years ago at our apartment in the Back Bay section:

Soak one pound of split peas for two days in 100-proof bourbon. Distribute the peas outside your windows, on the ledge or fire escape, and then sit back and wait. Soon hordes of pigeons will descend to eat the peas. The effect of the 100-proof bourbon on a pigeon's constitution is amazing, and soon they will fall to their own natural death.

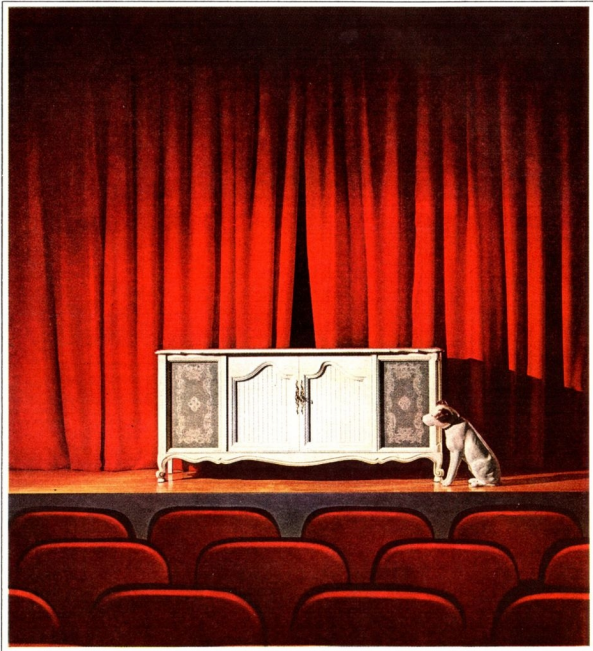
True, it is killing pigeons, but perhaps it would appease sentimentalists to know that they died with a smile on their faces.

WILLIAM C. SPEIDEL

Omaha

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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## A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

*The more you can hammer against the tendency of the press to exaggerate simple facts and "dress up" essentially unimportant news, the more you will receive applause. It will take courage to laugh at the press of the United States, but I think that you will gain readers by doing so occasionally in a perfectly good-natured way.*

tion or anger at a job that is not. Press Editor John Koffend is charged not only with reporting the news in his area, but with casting a critical eye over it—over the success or shortcomings of a paper and the performance of its editors and correspondents, over the birth of a new magazine or the response of the press to a new Prime Minister.

"The press sees its own function as being critical of all aspects of

SO wrote Franklin D. Roosevelt in a letter to Editor Henry R. Luce, 40 years ago when TIME itself was but a few months old.

We've sometimes had occasion to laugh at some of the press some of the time—"in a perfectly good-natured way"—but to laugh at all the press of the United States, as the young Roosevelt urged, requires not so much courage as an incapacity for making distinctions.

Still, the future President was right in foreseeing that both ill will and applause are to be expected in making judgments on our contemporaries—and in insisting that the job had to be done. We were the first to make reporting on the press a weekly concern, and though we now have imitators in this as in so much else, we conceive of our job in a very special way.

In this field, we have intimate knowledge, personal enthusiasms and inevitable prejudices, since we are, in a way, colleagues and competitors of all the other journalists and news organizations we write about. We are mindful of the situation but try not to be tongue-tied by it. Naturally, since we're in the same craft, envy is apt to show in our enthusiasm for a journalistic job well done, and irrita-



WALTER ZARAN  
 PRESS EDITOR KOFFEND

U.S. life," says Richard Seamon, the senior editor of the section, "but is itself peculiarly sensitive to criticism." And since the press regards itself as alone equipped to criticize its own performance, but in public rarely does, it is a very windswept corner where Seamon and Koffend sit.

This week it is our duty to record the death, by financial strangulation, of the daily newspaper with the second largest circulation in the U.S. No one takes pleasure in the task, but no journalist can avoid assessing what makes some papers succeed and others fail, in a day when there is such competition for a reader's attention and affection.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 25, 1963

Vol. 82 No. 17

## THE NATION

### DEMOCRATS

#### Well on the Way

The Republican presidential hopefuls are making most of the headlines. That is natural enough, since there is still an element of suspense in the G.O.P. race, while everyone knows who the Democratic nominee will be. Yet anybody who thinks that the incumbent President of the U.S. is resting on his laurels just doesn't know Jack Kennedy. As of last week, Kennedy and his tried, trusted, top campaign strategists were not just *rairin'* to go—they were already well on their way.

The team is almost exactly the same one that took Kennedy to the White House. Again Brother Bobby Kennedy will be the straw boss. He has been musing about whether to resign as Attorney General along about January to devote full time to the campaign. Chances are, though, that he will stay on in Justice.

**Returning Veterans.** White House Aides Ted Sorensen, Kenny O'Donnell, Pierre Salinger and Larry O'Brien, all veterans of the team, will perform as usual. Salinger has already detailed one of his staff helpers to write a compilation of Kennedy Administration feats. O'Brien refers constantly to an ever-thickening notebook packed with facts on Democratic state organizations. National Committee Chairman John Bailey sees the President frequently, has made dozens of pep talks to local party leaders whipping up enthusiasm for "work on a political spectacular to be produced in November of 1964."

Brother-in-Law Steve Smith and Brother Teddy Kennedy have done—and will do—a lot of legwork. So far, Smith has been to New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Idaho and Indiana, examining state organizations for weaknesses. After he visited Ohio, where Democrats are badly split, Smith sent in two trusted troubleshooters—former Wisconsin Party Chairman Pat Lucey and Bostonian Helen Keyes—to act as "state coordinators." In Indianapolis, a Smith-inspired voter registration drive brought 32,000 new names to Democratic rolls, but similar registration efforts in New York, New Jersey and Ohio have met with less success.

**Where the Votes Are.** Most notable addition to the Kennedy team is U.S. Census Bureau Director Richard M. Scammon, 48. A towering (6 ft. 5 in.)

native of Minnesota, Scammon has long specialized in election analysis. He was chairman of a U.S. group sent to Russia in 1958 to observe elections there, has written a book called *America Votes*, was a top man in the organization of Democratic Pollster Lou Harris. Appointed to the Census in 1961, Scammon has been called with increasing frequency into consultation with a President eager to know what people think and where the votes are.

At Democratic National Headquarters in Washington a staff of 90 has been assembling vast files of background material on all possible Republican opponents. The emphasis is increasingly on Barry Goldwater. In recent weeks the dossier of Goldwater quotes, Senate votes and news stories has grown to about 30 lbs. Besides the formal file, there is a special memo kept on Goldwater. It now covers four single-spaced pages of legal-sized paper, includes easy-to-find references to points the Democrats, rightly or wrongly, consider devastating. Says one paragraph: "Goldwater would invade Cuba, encourage revolt among captive nations and 'seriously consider lending'

American support forces to an invasion of China by Chiang Kai-shek." The National Committee has circulated thousands of pamphlets and party-organ stories blasting Goldwater in particular and conservatism in general.

On the positive side, the National Committee has been grinding out press releases and pamphlets (*see cuts*) full of raves for John Kennedy—"a man of compassion, courage and peace."

**Enthusiastic Pursuit.** Yet when all is said and done, it remains up to the Democratic candidate himself to win the votes. And Jack Kennedy is nothing if not enthusiastic in that pursuit. He has been getting out of Washington more and more, making quick trips to states he may not have time to visit next year. Last week he spoke at the University of Maine, took a jet ride over the Passamaquoddy tidal power project, Franklin Roosevelt's pet proposal, and Campobello, F.D.R.'s summertime hideaway. That night Kennedy appeared at a boisterous, \$100-a-plate fund-raising dinner in Boston, showed his obvious enjoyment of the fact that his '64 campaign is already rolling on wheels.



DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN LITERATURE  
And 30 lbs. of dope on Barry.

## REPUBLICANS

### How They're Running

In his drive for next year's Republican presidential nomination, Barry Goldwater has been badly bothered by the widespread report (true) that Senior Republican Dwight Eisenhower was mad at him, and the notion (untrue) that Ike would actively oppose his candidacy.

Eisenhower certainly was annoyed with Barry—mostly because of that famed Goldwater crack that "one Eisenhower in a decade is enough." But Goldwater has recently gone to great lengths to try to explain to Ike that the remark was quoted out of context, that he had meant no slur at all. Eisenhower seemed mollified.

Still, he let it be publicly known that

but to eavesdropping ears, what they said to each other did not seem to matter greatly.

What did matter was Ike's speech, in which he made it clear that he would wholeheartedly support Goldwater if Barry were to get the 1964 Republican nomination. "I know of no Republican presidential candidate on the horizon whom I could not support at present," he said. "No matter whom the convention nominates, that man can be sure of my fervent support." He did, however, utter an implicit warning against Goldwater's becoming too closely associated with the way-way right. Said Eisenhower: "I despise all adjectives that try to describe people as liberal or conservative, rightist or leftist, as long as they stay in the useful part of the road." Even more, he said, he

in Jordan . . . General Ike, we sure wish you were back running the show."

Late: In the week, Barry carried the attack into Kennedy's own Boston back yard. Speaking to a Republican dinner, he said: "Even the liberals have to recognize that what we have now in Washington is a would-be king and a want-to-be dynasty, not a President and a party." Blasting Kennedy for failure to exploit the "great cracks" that have appeared "across the entire slave empire of the Communist tyrants," he ad-libbed: "I'm beginning to wonder about this man who just three years ago downgraded the idea that we could achieve peace through visits and talks and goodwill missions, and who is engaged almost around the clock with visits and talks and goodwill missions . . . We have peace only because General Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles had the guts to proclaim brinkmanship."

**Harder Fight.** Meanwhile, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller was still pursuing what most G.O.P. politicians considered his forlorn hope for his party's presidential nomination. Invading New Hampshire, where he and Barry will meet head-on in next March's presidential primary (most observers consider Goldwater ahead), Rocky spoke to a Republican rally in Durham. He came within an inch of formally announcing his candidacy—and of admitting that he is in deep trouble. "It is no secret to any of you," he said, "that I am seriously considering running for the presidency. It is no secret either that the polls have me running far behind; but as far as I am concerned, that is irrelevant. You can't stand for principle and run for cover when the going gets a little rough. You just fight a little harder—and that's exactly what I am doing."

So he was, but it all seemed pretty hopeless. Quite a while ago, Rocky asked onetime G.O.P. National Chairman Len Hall to manage his campaign—and got promptly turned down. Then Rocky turned to Connecticut's Meade Alcorn, another former national chairman, and an old Dartmouth classmate. Alcorn waited more than a month to give his answer—which was no. Last week the Rockefeller people said that they were canvassing the Midwest for a campaign manager.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### The Arabian Nights

In the black, silver-sequined tent of a Moroccan chieftain sat a dark-haired beauty. And before her on a dusty plain, a multitude of bearded Berber tribesmen played at war for her amusement. Outside the ancient, mud-walled city of Marrakech, the turbaned warriors wheeled and galloped, sending great swirls of dust toward the tent, fired their silver-banded muzzle-loaders into the air in thunderous explosions of good black powder.

She might have been a desert princess



GOLDWATER APPLAUDING EISENHOWERS AT BIRTHDAY PARTY  
The nominee can be sure of fervent support.

he did not think that Barry had sufficiently explained his views on a great number of national issues. But Goldwater recently dropped in on Ike at Gettysburg, and last week the two agreed that they had agreed about one obvious thing: when any Republican—including Barry—officially announces his presidential candidacy, there will be time enough for him to start elucidating his ideas in depth.

**The Useful Part.** That agreement was prelude to a kind of Eisenhower-Goldwater confrontation last week in Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel. The occasion was in honor of Ike's 73rd birthday, and some 750 top Republicans gathered. During the reception before the banquet, Barry and Ike mingled with the mob—but never quite came face to face. When Ike and Mamie walked into the banquet hall, Goldwater applauded enthusiastically. After the dinner, Eisenhower and Goldwater finally did get together, chatted briefly,

despises the people who "go to the gutter on either the right or the left, and hurl rocks at those in the center."

**Decorum & Dignity.** The birthday party also turned out to be a free-swinging attack on Jack Kennedy, his Administration, his family, his cronies and his family's cronies. G.O.P. National Chairman William Miller was the chief swinger. "Do you recall," he cried, "Sinatra types infesting 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in the Eisenhower days? Or twisting in the historic East ballroom? Or wild swimming-pool antics shocking to all the country? Or all-night parties in foreign lands? No, you do not recall such things, because from 1953 to 1961 there was a sense of propriety and fitness and decorum and dignity which Americans have always expected, and which they received from their First Family . . . Gone are those prideful, confident days when the great leader with us here tonight coolly faced down the Reds at Quemoy, Matsu and

—but she was not. She was the First Lady of the U.S.; and the only princess in hailing distance was sister Lee Radziwill, who sat at her side. That didn't matter. Nor did it matter, for the moment at least, that only 300 miles away Moroccans were fighting shoot-to-kill border clashes with Algerian troops (see *THE WORLD*). Like much of Jacqueline Kennedy's four-day visit to Morocco, it all seemed like a page torn from the *Thousand and One Nights*.

**Hers for the Asking.** A guest of King Hassan II on the last leg of her 16-day vacation, Jackie apparently could have taken home most of Morocco just for the asking. At Hassan's invitation, she visited the King's cloistered wife Lalla Latifa, 19—the only foreigner ever to do so. Jackie brought along toys for the two royal children and in return was swamped with gifts—a sterling silver tea set, gold encrusted tea glasses, a whole wardrobe of caftan robes and more. As she swirled through teeming market bazaars, surrounded by a phalanx of Moroccan police and U.S. Secret Service men, merchants were so charmed that they established a *Marrakech* precedent by giving her their wares—for free.

Home was an apartment in Hassan's Bahia Palace, furnished in white leather and looking out over vast palm groves toward the Atlas Mountains. There a French hair stylist called frequently, did Jackie's hair in a fetching "Parisian nymph" style. Then, reclining on deep-cushioned divans, she would dine with princes of the royal court at low Moroccan tables while Andalusian music trilled a background.

**Showman's Way.** But even the tales of Scheherazade were finally exhausted, and last week the First Lady landed at Washington's National Airport, where the President and their two children were waiting. There was applause for Jackie when she arrived. But it was a rapidly developing little politician named John F. Kennedy Jr. who stole the show. Even before his mother arrived, John delighted curious airport spectators by mischievously snatching a Secret Service man's hat and pulling it ludicrously down over his own ears. Sister Caroline beat him up the ramp of the family plane to greet her mother, but John Jr. did it the showman's way—scrambling up on all fours. He even got to ride all the way home in his mother's lap.

## THE ADMINISTRATION Anchors Aweigh

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara recently advised President Kennedy to demand the resignation of Navy Secretary Fred Korth. At 7:30 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 11, Korth had breakfast with McNamara, returned to his office, paced back and forth, told an aide he was "mad enough to resign." At 4:30 p.m., Korth was in the White

House, resignation in hand. Last week the White House made it public—but did not reveal that Korth had, in fact, been fired.

**No Regrets.** Also released was the text of a brief note in which Kennedy thanked Korth for his services but pointedly omitted the usual "regrets" over his departure. A White House aide explained airily that Korth would "fit better" in private life than in government. In hopes of burying an embarrassing situation, most everyone seemed willing to pass the matter off as a dispute over policy in which Korth seemed to be protesting McNamara decisions adverse to the Navy.

Indeed, McNamara and Korth did have policy differences. But these were



KORTH & McNAMARA\*  
The letters spelled OUT.

not why Korth was fired. The real reason was that he had written letters on his official Navy Department stationery concerning business for Fort Worth's Continental National Bank, of which Korth was president before becoming Navy Secretary in 1961. Some of the letters are in possession of Senator John McClellan's investigating committee, which has been probing Korth's role in the controversial Defense Department award of the TFX fighter-aircraft contract to General Dynamics. Continental National was among 20 banks that had lent a total of \$200 million to General Dynamics.

No one was yet claiming that the Korth letters were illegal or involved a conflict of interest. They were, however, described as "improper" and "aw-

fully stupid." At week's end, Korth gave newsmen copies of more than 200 letters, admitted that some of them showed that he maintained "an interest in the welfare of the bank." But he denied that any "of these instances in any way involved my official responsibilities." Added Korth: "I deeply resent any insinuation that these few trivial incidents and communications raise a question concerning my character." Korth, who spent last week in Bethesda Naval Medical Center for a long-delayed ear operation, insisted that his resignation was entirely voluntary, that he quit because of policy differences with McNamara and personal financial problems. Aides further explained that his salary of \$22,500 was only a little more than half of his former salary as bank president. He maintained large homes in both Washington and Texas. The two Texas cattle ranches he operates with a brother were badly hurt by drought. A son and daughter in college added to his expenses. Korth had to sell 5,000 of his 5,200 shares of Continental National stock last June to meet his debts, even borrowed \$10,000 from his mother-in-law.

On policy matters, Korth egged McNamara on in the dismissal of Admiral George Anderson as Chief of Naval Operations, supported the Secretary of Defense in the TFX controversy. But he opposed McNamara on the recent military pay raise and on McNamara's requests for shipbuilding funds, seeking more money in both cases. He seemed particularly irked by McNamara's tentative decision to block Navy plans to provide nuclear power for its newest carrier.

**"Biggest Brain."** Under such pressures, Korth was known to be considering retirement—but not involuntarily. A hearty backslapper with a booming voice, Korth, 53, had political ambitions. He envied the success of fellow Texan John Connally, who preceded him as Navy Secretary before quitting to run successfully for Governor of Texas. An Assistant Secretary of the Army in 1952-53, Korth got the Navy job on the recommendation of Deputy Defense Secretary Roswell Gilpatric and with the approval of Vice President Lyndon Johnson, for whom Korth once served as a Fort Worth campaign manager in a Senate election.

Korth will be succeeded by Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul Nitze, 56, a handsome veteran of 15 years in Government jobs, including that of Director of Policy Planning for former Secretary of State Dean Acheson. Nitze is likely to find the Navy job about as rough as Korth did. Commented one unimpressed admiral last week: "The Navy is getting ready to receive one of the biggest brains in town—I suppose it will be a stimulating experience for both him and us." But Nitze, it is assumed, is bright enough to use private stationery for private business correspondence.

\* Aboard carrier *Enterprise* during 1962 maneuvers.



## FOREIGN AID

### "Hoodwinked"

Of the 79 nations receiving help under the U.S. foreign aid program, none is so exasperating as Indonesia. Despite \$881 million in U.S. handouts since 1946, Indonesia is an economic shambles. Factories lie idle for lack of spare parts, roads go unrepaired, and harbors clog with silt. "In Indonesia," the saying goes, "chaos is organized." Only Communist-coddling President Sukarno's 400,000-man military force seems to thrive.

Indonesia has thus been a prime target of foreign aid critics on Capitol Hill—and last week they were really steamed up. Released was testimony taken last June in a closed-door hearing

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Courteous, Correct & Cold

Yugoslavia's Communist President Tito has long hankered to tread Washington's official red carpet. He almost got there as Eisenhower's guest in 1957, but church groups, veterans' organizations and politicians raised such a fuss that his proposed state visit was called off. He got as far as Manhattan in 1960, when he addressed the United Nations and chatted with Ike at the Waldorf-Astoria. But still nobody asked him to come on down to Washington—and Tito's feelings were hurt. Last week, at the invitation of President Kennedy, Tito, 71, finally made the grade.

Kennedy was anxious to shore up Yugoslavia's status as a "neutral," seem-

not that he was overanxious—just that he was operating on Standard Time instead of Daylight-Saving Time. From Langley, Tito and his statuesque wife Jovanka, 39, drove to colonial Williamsburg and spent 30 minutes touring the town that the Rockefeller restored to 18th century authenticity at an expense of \$72 million. Their home for the night was Williamsburg's 200-year-old Allen-Byrd House.

**By the Book.** The following morning a jet-powered helicopter zipped the visitors to Washington, but had to spend several minutes circling the Washington Monument because they had arrived too early. Below, 100 Serbs and Croats from points as distant as Detroit and Chicago picketed the White House, carrying placards inscribed, **MURDERER, RED PIG & J.F.K., DON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH THE KILLER.**

J.F.K. did shake hands, but he saw to it that no cameraman recorded the event. Even the customary rocking-chair photos were ruled out in favor of a stiff shot of Kennedy and Tito facing each other across a conference table. Everything was done according to the book, from the traditional 21-gun salute to a luncheon for 59 guests at the White House—but without notable enthusiasm. After lunch, Tito and Jovanka took in Washington's sights, but the route of their ten-limousine motorcade was kept so secret—to avoid demonstrations—that puzzled pedestrians along the way asked, "Who is it?" No Yugoslav flags decorated the thoroughfares—only some Irish banners left over from Prime Minister Sean Lemass' visit earlier in the week.

Between eating and rubbernecking, Tito squeezed in 2½ hours of talks with Kennedy, speaking in Serbo-Croatian but following Kennedy's remarks without the help of a translator. High among the topics discussed was last year's cancellation by Congress of Yugoslavia's most-favored-nation status in trade with the U.S. Kennedy promised to see what he could do to restore it, but his chances of persuading Congress are dim.

**Return Visit.** Afterward, in a bland communiqué, the two Presidents hailed the nuclear test ban as "a significant initial step in lessening international tension," called for "further progress" in "reducing the danger of war," and expressed hope for an expansion of economic, cultural and scientific exchanges between the U.S. and Yugoslavia. Tito thanked the U.S. for some \$2.5 billion in military and economic aid since his 1948 break with Stalin, and for its help in the recent Skopje earthquake. To house 10,000 of the 100,000 people left homeless by the quake, Kennedy announced that the U.S. would also send Yugoslavia surplus Army barracks from storehouses in France. Finally, Administration officials let it be known that Kennedy had accepted an invitation to visit Yugoslavia—at a deliberately unspecified date.

That was it. Precisely five hours and



TITO & KENNEDY IN WHITE HOUSE

Photographs were not permitted to record the handshake.

before a House Appropriations Subcommittee. It nailed down the fact that Sukarno's luxury-loving government had purchased three jet airliners from the U.S.'s General Dynamics Corp. for \$20 million—only a day before the U.S. granted Indonesia a \$17 million "emergency" loan. The loan, Assistant Aid Administrator Seymour J. Janow told the subcommittee, was to help the "general stabilization of Indonesia's economy." Aid officials, Janow explained lamely, had not known about the airliners when the loan was negotiated.

The committee members were furious. Ohio Republican William E. Minshall stormed that the U.S. had been "hoodwinked." Subcommittee Chairman Otto Passman, a longtime foreign aid foe, laid the loan to the "gullibility of Uncle Sam" and said acerbically: "I would certainly discount any justifications you people make for any type of loan to Indonesia if you do not know any more about what is going on than that. I am just wondering if we could not find some friends to whom to give our money instead of to that country."

ingly dissident Communist country. But to protect his own domestic political position, the President arranged a welcome that was courteous, correct—and about as cold as a stripper in a snowstorm.

When the news of Tito's visit was released, there were predictable protests. In California, a scheduled stopover on Tito's ten-day itinerary, demonstrators hanged him in effigy from trees, fences and buildings, even drowned him in effigy at a ferry terminal in San Pedro. In the Senate, Democrats Frank Lausche of Ohio and Tom Dodd of Connecticut blasted the visit, and Barry Goldwater, referring to the White House boycott of South Viet Nam's Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu (see following story), complained: "We are dining with our enemy and slapping our friends in the face."

But the reaction was nowhere near as violent as it had been in 1957, and so the state visit was consummated. Fresh from a month-long tour of Brazil, Chile, Bolivia and Mexico, Tito flew into Virginia's Langley Air Force Base a full hour ahead of schedule. It was



45 minutes after he arrived at the White House, Tito was hustled off again. Worn by the pace and by the sudden change in climate and elevation from 14-mile-high Mexico City, Tito returned to the Allen-Byrd House feeling ill, had nothing but two bowls of consommé for dinner. His personal physicians discovered that he was running a slight fever (100.2°), diagnosed it as a mild case of influenza. His scheduled trip to Yosemite National Park and San Francisco was canceled, which probably came as a relief to Administration officials who were worried about demonstrations. Disneyland was not on Tito's itinerary to begin with.

## Nobody Home

"I'm not here to greet anybody," snapped New York City's official greeter, Public Events Commissioner Richard C. Patterson Jr., as he strode past a clutch of curious newsmen in the lobby of Manhattan's Barclay Hotel one morning last week. "I'm just here to see that the lady has sufficient police protection." The lady—South Viet Nam's Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu—coolly assured Patterson that her protection was just fine. Besides, she added, "God is in my corner."

Even so, there were times last week when her corner must have seemed a lonely place. As curiosity about the sister-in-law of South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem began to ebb in the second week of her 21-day tour, sympathetic crowds dwindled, officials cold-shouldered her, and about the only people who turned out to see her were newsmen and students.

**Poison Ivy.** Venturing onto the college circuit, Mme. Nhu found little but poison Ivy along the way. At Harvard, she entered an auditorium through the back door to dodge some 500 churlish student pickets who were parading outside and carrying signs with such

labored slogans as *NHU DEAL IS NHU DIEM GOOD*. They pounded on the doors, splattered the building with eggs and rattled the windows while she spoke. Inside, things were not much better. When Mme. Nhu, sheathed in brocade and silk and trailing a mink stole, complained that "Americans in Viet Nam do not live like us . . . austere like us," the crowd of 1,700 hissed loudly.

At Princeton, she complained that "they showed bad manners—very bad manners—at Harvard." But Old Nassau was not much more polite. Some 250 pickets, including six Buddhist monks from a monastery in Freewood Acres, N.J., refugees from Tibet and Russia, turned up to razz her. Protested Mme. Nhu: "You're not helping us by hissing or booing us. Tell us precisely what's wrong with us."

Before anyone could say "Buddhist," however, Mme. Nhu whisked off to Washington, spent much of her time there talking about precisely what's wrong with the U.S.\* "I have not met your Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge," she told an audience of some 800 which jammed the Women's National Press Club. "But from a distance he seems more mysterious than an Asian." The Kennedy Administration was full of liberals, she said, and while "liberals aren't red yet, they're pink." As for the U.S. decision to withhold some economic aid from the Diem regime in hopes of forcing

\* In Saigon her husband was doing much the same thing. Ngo Dinh Nhu, Diem's brother, top adviser and secret police chief, spoke to seven Western newsmen at the presidential palace, told them in a 2½-hour interview that: 1) the Central Intelligence Agency and other American organizations urged Buddhist leaders to overthrow the government last August; 2) the Vietnamese people had lost confidence in the U.S.; and 3) the war with the Viet Cong would end more quickly if the U.S. sent its advisers home but continued to send cash and arms.



MME. NHU & LE THUY AT PARENTS' DOOR  
Her corner was a lonely place.

ing reforms, it only proved that "there is no real eagerness to win the war against the Communists."

**"Trail of Stench."** That evening Mme. Nhu sallied forth in search of her estranged father, Tran Van Chuong, who was replaced as Vietnamese Ambassador to Washington two months ago after criticizing Diem's policies. With a score of newsmen and photographers trailing her, she pounded on the door of the darkened Tran home on a tree-lined Washington street while her lovely, 18-year-old daughter, Le Thuy, rang the bell. No answer. Next she peeped through a window. No signs of life. She went around to the back door. Still no answer. No wonder. The Trans were in Manhattan, where the ex-ambassador was laying plans for a speaking tour designed to cover up what he called "the trail of stench" left by his talkative daughter.

Mme. Nhu's parents were not the only ones avoiding her. Official Washington boycotted her completely. The closest President Kennedy got to her was half a block away—he was guest of honor at a reception given by Ireland's Prime Minister Sean Lemass at the Mayflower Hotel while she was getting a permanent and having her nails polished (pearly pink) at a nearby Elizabeth Arden salon. "I know that this visit is unofficial," she complained, "and did not expect a red carpet. But there are 100 ways in which the Government could have shown me friendliness."

Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, for one, thought she had a point. "She has every right to expect from us a full measure of courtesy," Democrat Mansfield told his colleagues. "This nation has played host to many prominent visitors before Mme. Nhu whose views were, to say the least, not exactly music to our ears."



BUDDHIST PICKETS AT PRINCETON  
Harvard's manners were very bad.

## THE CONGRESS

### Slow Going

Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon marched into the Senate Finance Committee hearing room prepared to do battle—speedily, he hoped—for the Administration's tax cut bill. But the only person there who seemed to be in much of a rush was Doug Dillon.

For seven months the bill had walled in the House Ways and Means Committee, finally emerged and was passed by the House, with significant changes from Kennedy's original version. Now, at last, it was before Senator Harry Byrd's Finance Committee. But Virginia's Byrd is an all-out foe of cutting taxes without cutting federal spending, which the Administration definitely does not propose. So the measure is

destined for more rough, slow sledding.

Dillon could not have been more eager to grease the legislative wheels. He promised that the Administration would not fight the House version, even though it is not wholly satisfactory. And as for tax "reform"—as opposed to reduction—Dillon said that this could wait until another day.

For his apparent willingness to get a bill at any price, Dillon drew an angry rebuke from liberal Illinois Democrat Paul H. Douglas: "By not having a virile stance in favor of tax reform, you have permitted the reform provisions to be gutted." There was also a partisan slap from Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore, a key member of the Finance Committee (see box), who accused Republican Dillon of "subverting the economic liberal pol-

icies of the Democratic party at the Washington level." Added Gore: "When the country votes conservative it votes Republican. I don't know if you'd like that or not."

Throughout it all, Chairman Byrd benignly regarded Dillon from behind blue-tinted glasses, mildly noted that the House bill would result in an average annual saving of \$110—\$2 a week—for each taxpayer. Byrd merely wanted to know how such "cigarette money" would really stimulate the U.S. economy. Dillon replied defensively that while the cut might not mean much to individuals, the total effect would be impressive. Byrd nodded. Things were going his way—slowly. There were still about 170 witnesses, pro and con, scheduled to be heard by his committee. Doubtless some of them would argue

## THE ONE WHO WORRIES THEM

Criticism by Republicans of President Kennedy's tax cut bill was predictable. So was that of such a fiscal conservative as Democrat Harry Byrd. The bill can probably pass over their opposition, but it will need down-the-line support from liberals. And for that reason the man whom White House strategists are most worried about is Tennessee's Albert Arnold Gore, 55, a liberal member of the Senate Finance Committee whose dislike of the bill may influence other liberals.

A farm boy from Possum Hollow, near Granville, Tenn., Gore worked his way through a state teachers college at Murfreesboro by teaching country school. Later, after taking courses offered by the Y.M.C.A., he got a law degree, decided to enter politics, campaigned with a fiddle that scraped out lively hillbilly tunes, and was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives in 1938, when he was 30. Gore earned a reputation among colleagues as a remarkably diligent worker—in his first year, during a House economy drive, he was the Democrat responsible for the defeat of a Roosevelt bill to add \$800 million to federal housing funds.

**He Was Bitten.** After 14 years in the House, Gore handily won the Senate seat of aging Kenneth McKellar in 1952, soon won choice assignments on the Finance, Foreign Relations and Joint Atomic Energy committees. He was the Senate's chief sponsor of the 1956 bill creating the interstate highway system, then killed Eisenhower's plan for bond financing and substituted his own pay-as-you-go tax system. In 1958, he was the first Senator to propose a treaty with Russia banning atmospheric nuclear testing.

Twice, Gore came within hailing distance of the Democratic nomination for Vice President. The first time was in 1956, when Adlai Stevenson was looking for a running mate. Recalls Wife Pauline: "I had been picking vice-presidential bugs off Albert for a year, but when Governor Stevenson announced the nomination was open, I looked at Albert and discovered I had missed one and it already had bitten him." On the first ballot Gore, with 178 votes, trailed Fellow Tennessean Estes Kefauver and hopeful Jack Kennedy; on the second he saw the handwriting, withdrew, and supported Kefauver, who won. Again in 1960 Gore thought he had a chance, was disappointed when Kennedy picked Lyndon Johnson.

**He Was Opposed.** A meticulously groomed man with a handsome head of silver hair, Gore neither smokes nor



TENNESSEE'S GORE

drinks, is one of the Senate's more accomplished speakers and an authority on fiscal policy. His money views were forged under a courthouse maple in Carthage, Tenn., where, as a youth, he talked with then-Representative Cordell Hull about foreign trade, taxation, public debt. At its simplest, Gore's fiscal philosophy is that the national economy should be stimulated by increased public works, not by tax cutting.

That, of course, is the main reason for Gore's opposition to the Kennedy tax bill. But his opposition may also stem in part from a Gore political feud with Treasury Secretary Doug Dillon. Gore had twice written to President-elect Kennedy and once spent 2½ hours trying to dissuade him from appointing Republican Dillon. Later Gore explained: "I wasn't particularly concerned about his being in the Eisenhower Administration. That was his natural habitat. I was concerned as hell that he became Secretary of the Treasury in a Democratic Administration." To Gore's way of thinking, Dillon is the author of a tax bill tailored to benefit corporations and the wealthy. Says Gore of Dillon: "I draw my views from Hull and Jackson and Roosevelt and Truman. His views are from Mellon and Hoover and Wall Street."

**He Was Enraged.** Adding to Gore's unhappiness with the tax bill last week was a seven-page telegram sent by William A. Keel Jr., research director for the Democratic National Committee, to several Tennessee Democratic politicians, suggesting statements they could use in the local press to criticize Gore for his stand against the bill. "Senator Albert Gore is making a most serious mistake in opposing the tax reduction," said one item. "He should support it and do anything possible to speed its passage. The Senator's opposition is not only contrary to the best interests of the people of [here the politician was instructed to insert his county name] but to Tennessee and the nation as a whole." Gore was enraged. Cried he at the hearings got under way: "So far as I know this is the beginning of a purge." The wire, Gore said, was plainly "an attempt at political intimidation" by members of his own party.

Red-faced Democratic National Committee Chairman John Bailey promptly assured Gore that such a thing would never happen again. Yet the damage obviously had already been done—and if there had ever been a chance that the Administration would win Gore over to the tax cut side, it seemed gone now.

—as have Dillon and the Administration—that failure to pass the bill means a probable recession next year. But not everyone agreed with this. Last week the Business Council, whose 100-plus members are presidents and board chairmen of large U.S. corporations, heard a report by its committee of economists that business will be good through 1964, tax cut or no.

## CIVIL RIGHTS

### The Gauntlet

Attorney General Bobby Kennedy last week ran the civil rights gauntlet, got flogged from both sides, and emerged scarred—but still in better shape than anyone might have expected when he started. The occasion was Bobby's appearance before the House Judiciary Committee, where his unhappy mission was to urge members to water down a civil rights bill so that it might have a practical chance of passing the whole House.

The bill was an expanded version of the Administration's own civil rights package. The Administration measure had been taken in hand by Judiciary Committee Chairman Emanuel Celler, a vociferously civil rights Brooklyn Democrat. Also sitting as chairman of a civil rights subcommittee, Celler made one personal addition after another to the Administration bill. His version expanded the public accommodations section to forbid discrimination by any business operating under state or local "authorization, permission or license." It authorized the Attorney General to intervene and bring suit on behalf of any individual to prevent the denial of any constitutional right. It extended new guarantees of the right to vote to state as well as federal elections, established an Equal Employment Opportunity Commission with enforcement teeth.

**Language & Legalism.** As sent to the full Judiciary Committee, the bill simply went too far. It antagonized not

only Southerners but many Republicans and moderate Democrats who questioned its sweeping grants of federal authority. Celler also angered Ohio Republican William McCulloch, ranking minority member of the civil rights subcommittee, by ramming through the changes without any effort toward bipartisan consultation.

As the Administration's top civil rights troubleshooter, it fell to Bobby Kennedy to put the bill back on the track. Painfully aware that he would bring down the wrath of civil rights professionals, Bobby went to the Judiciary Committee to plead that the bill be diluted to passable proportions. He carefully avoided challenging Celler's bill on principle, skillfully confined himself to matters of language and legalisms. The new public accommodations section, he said, was "unclear," might extend federal regulation to "all businesses which a state does not affirmatively ban." He questioned the vast scope of powers granted the Attorney General, pointed out that Article I of the Constitution gives Congress power only over federal elections. As for fair employment practices legislation, Bobby said such a section had the Administration's wholehearted support—then warned, however, that its inclusion might "jeopardize ultimate passage of the omnibus bill."

**The Inevitable Outbursts.** Manny Celler got the message. Late in the week he promised to "put aside my own feelings" and "exert every effort" toward reporting a compromise version of the bill from his committee within two weeks. Inevitably, there were some angry outbursts. Clarence Mitchell, Washington director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, cried that "there is no reason for this kind of sellout." The Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, an association of top civil rights leaders, sent a three-page letter to Celler urging him to ignore Bobby's advice. For all that, a civil rights bill now seemed to have a better chance of getting through the House.

## MISSISSIPPI

### The Upset of Upsets?

A Republican Governor of the state of Mississippi?

There has been no such thing since 1876, when one Adelbert Ames resigned under fire in his Reconstruction regime. In most elections since then the G.O.P. has either put up no candidate or furnished merely token opposition. About all the winner of a Democratic gubernatorial primary had to do was clear his throat and start polishing his inaugural speech.

But not this year. Heading for the Nov. 5 general election, Republican Rubel Phillips, 38, a former Democrat who was a state public service commissioner, is putting up a strong enough fight to have Democrats, for the first time in decades, showing concern.

The Democrats began worrying early



REPUBLICAN PHILLIPS

*Running hard, and hopeful.*

this month, when the G.O.P. plastered the state with full-color Phillips billboards, bought considerable television time, launched Phillips on a series of hearty handshaking tours throughout Mississippi.

Then came unmistakable signs of apathy among the Democratic rank and file. Two weeks ago, the party nominee, Lieutenant Governor Paul Johnson, appeared on statewide television to whoop it up before Democrats who were supposed to gather in large numbers at the state's 82 county courthouses. But few turned up, and many of them wandered away in the middle of Johnson's speech.

Last week Democratic leaders organized a rare postprimary rally—a \$25-a-plate dinner in Jackson featuring top Democratic brass, including the seven-man congressional delegation from Washington. Party publicists hoped that 7,500 would attend. But no more than 3,500 gathered in the half-empty hall.

Those who did show up heard some changed talk from party leaders, who had previously devoted most of their energies to attacking the Kennedy Administration. Paul Johnson complained about "Republican carpetbaggers" and cried: "The birth of a two-party system in the state would divide the conservative white vote." Governor Ross Barnett shouted: "I'm fed up with these fence-riding, pussyfooting, snow-digging Yankee Republicans." And U.S. Senator John Stennis said that Mississippi Democrats must "get out and vote and thwart this challenge brought on by the Republicans."

That, for Democrats, is the great worry. No one doubts that Mississippi has enough Democrats to defeat Republican Phillips. But those Democrats have become so accustomed to perfunctory, no-contest general elections that they might not take the trouble to vote. Were that to happen, Mississippi might experience the upset of all political upsets.



BOBBY & CELLER

*Scarred, but doing better.*

# THE WORLD

## GREAT BRITAIN

### War of Succession

Compelled by sympathy and the necessity of the moment, Britain's Queen reversed the customary ritual. Instead of waiting for her retiring Prime Minister to call upon her and advise her of his choice as a successor, Elizabeth II rode across London to King Edward VII Hospital. There, in a peacock-green coat and matching hat, she sat in an armchair facing the high, white hospital bed. Harold Macmillan, recuperating from his prostate operation and cranked up to a sitting position, wore blue and

he had placed his Conservative Party in the hands of a member of the House of Lords who has not had to run for elective office since he inherited his title twelve years ago.

**Rusk for President.** In selecting Home, Macmillan passed over three far more likely candidates: R. A. Butler, 60, deputy to Britain's last three Conservative Prime Ministers, rebuilder of Tory Party fortunes and everlasting heir apparent to the No. 1 post; Lord Hailsham, 56, the grandiloquent Minister for Science, who gaudily flipped his coronet into the ring, emotionally promising to renounce his title to become

sounded out the Cabinet, calling not only for first choices but for second and last choices as well. And at twelve regional Tory offices, batteries of party workers telephoned each of the Conservatives' 620 constituency branches.

**Late Gallup.** Hailsham was the first to be eliminated, vetoed by Cabinet members who acknowledged his brilliance but questioned his judgment and stability. Though eminently qualified, Rab Butler suffered from a lackluster public personality and from the elusive but real hostility of many top Conservatives who still vaguely wish that Britain had won through to victory at Suez and



HOME LEAVING NO. 10 DOWNING ST.



"THANK GOODNESS, WE EVOLVE OUR LEADER IN OUR OWN WAY AND DON'T ELECT HIM DEMOCRATICALLY LIKE THOSE SOCIALISTS."

*With no parallel in modern times.*



ELIZABETH ARRIVING AT HOSPITAL

white pajamas. In such unlikely surroundings Elizabeth received Macmillan's even more unlikely nomination for Prime Minister: Alexander Frederick Douglas-Home, Earl of Home, Baron Home, Baron Dunglass and Baron Douglas.

If Elizabeth was surprised, so were her subjects. After half an hour's conversation with Macmillan the Queen returned to Buckingham Palace, passing through a waiting crowd at the gates. A few minutes later a black Humber approached along the Mall. The man in the rear seat was a stranger; a private detective, it turned out. But the faintly smiling, aristocratically fair features of the man beside the driver were familiar enough. "It's Lord Home!" came the amazed shout. "Astonishing!" gasped Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*.

Macmillan had reached back over years of blurring class lines to present Britain with a belted earl of a Prime Minister, an elegantly casual product of the cricket wickets of Eton, a toothy, grouse-shooting, extremely U member of the Establishment. Facing elections,

Quintin Hogg, M.P., in hopes of becoming P.M.; and Reginald Maudling, 46, the darling of the Conservative backbenches and brainy Chancellor of the Exchequer. An exact U.S. parallel of what Macmillan did would be impossible to draw; the closest approximation would be if a seriously ill President Kennedy had passed over Vice President Lyndon Johnson, House Speaker John McCormack and Senate President pro tem Carl Hayden to install Secretary of State Dean Rusk in the White House—all without an election.

Macmillan's choice was based at least in part on his will, but not on whim. It followed a week-long Conservative Party conference, plus the mysterious Tory ritual by which the visceral wishes of party members, great and small, are gathered, interpreted and closely read for omens.

In the days leading up to the decision, virtually the entire Conservative Party structure was polled, from village leaders to Cabinet members. Lord Dilhorne, Lord Chancellor and therefore Speaker of the House of Lords,

cannot forget the notion—never entirely proved or disproved—that Butler was against the adventure. Also working against Butler was the fact that, even though their beliefs and policies are similarly progressive, he and Macmillan have never cottoned to each other. A strong point in Butler's favor—a Gallup poll showing him to be as strong a prime-ministerial candidate as Labor's Harold Wilson—did not reach print until the Tory Party polling was done.

Although many backbenchers stuck steadfastly to Maudling, there was a feeling that he was too young (46) and not quite ready for the top job. That left Home. Though he had some strong support, basically he was everybody's second choice. Explained one Tory M.P. later: "I would never have put Home as No. 2 if I'd thought for one moment that the accumulation of No. 2s could have this effect." When the party soundings were presented to him in his hospital room, Macmillan decided that Home was the compromise candidate who would put the least strain on the Conservatives' internal party ties.



The aim was to avoid bitterness; the result, at least for the moment, was to increase it. After word of Home's choice leaked out at White's Club, a small group of Tory chiefs gathered with Reggie Maundling to dine at the home of Health Minister Enoch Powell and to plot resistance. Just as grimly, Butler dug in his heels. Across Britain, feelings hardened behind both men. There was a widespread suspicion that, despite the elaborate soundings taken, Home had been put over against the party majority's wishes. Humphrey Berkeley, Tory M.P. for Lancaster, spoke for many when he complained that "the Conservative Party has been engaged for the past week in a charade. I cannot think of any system of direct selection which would have secured Lord Home's emergence as the man to lead the party."

**Unkissed Hand.** Well aware of the opposition to him, Home carefully refrained from kissing the Queen's hand at his morning audience. Such a gesture by a Prime Minister-designate traditionally implies confidence that he can form a government. Instead, he returned to No. 10 Downing Street to confront his colleagues and his foes. Blank-faced, unsmiling and uncommunicative, they began coming by.

Maundling popped out from the Treasury, just across the street from No. 10; Butler, a grim rider in a black Daimler, was momentarily roused from introspection by the cheers of the crowd; Hailsham, reportedly the hardest-dying, refused to say anything about anything. They came and went, as the sun set and the TV lights rose, then came and went again. Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath went on BBC television to praise Home's "integrity, clarity, judgment and perseverance" and to hope "that all our colleagues will be able to serve with him." Selwyn Lloyd insisted "he will make an outstanding Prime Minister." Heading for home and bed just before midnight, Home could only be sure that "I shall be starting work again tomorrow morning."

That night R. A. Butler faced his decision. He and his tearful wife Mollie returned to their suite at the ornate, Edwardian St. Ermin's Hotel. Some time between a Scotch nightcap and dawn, Politician Butler surveyed the situation with all his political acumen and concluded that he simply did not have sufficient support inside the party to carry through the rebellion. He also knew, as he told friends later, that either decision, to fight on or to quit, would be criticized, but he decided to give up rather than seriously damage the Tory Party.

Next morning, arriving on the steps of No. 10, Home had a bright wish: "I hope everyone on this fine Saturday morning can forget about politics, except me." Not a chance. Back came Butler to surrender. Then, at last, the hour of glory: Home's appearance on the doorstep, his smiling announcement that he was off to see the Queen, the

quiet talk with Elizabeth in the Buckingham Palace audience chamber as sun softened the palace gardens and a military band played for the changing of the guard in the forecourt. Had he been able to form a government? Replied Lord Home: "Yes, I have, and I have kissed hands with the Queen on my appointment as Prime Minister."

Outwardly at least came the inevitable closing of the ranks. This week Home announced his new Cabinet containing the solid Tories, including Butler (named Foreign Secretary), Hailsham and Maundling (in their old jobs) and Heath (named President of the Board of Trade). Missing: Iain Macleod, co-chairman of the Tory Party, one of the rebels who could not reconcile himself to the way Home was chosen.

His Cabinet formed, Home must now overcome as best he can the deep divisions that the power struggle left in the Tory Party and get down to the business of running the country. But he must also prepare for next year's election, in which the Tories, after twelve years in power, face the eager Laborites—and the 14th earl faces that aggressive working-class champion, Harold Wilson. Right now, the odds are overwhelmingly against Home. But whatever else he did, Harold Macmillan did not mean to pick a loser.

## The Winner

(See Cover)

Lord Home's crest shows a salamander standing in fire. To his friends, it symbolizes his patient, outwardly phlegmatic disposition, not easily touched by the heat of emotion, danger or disaster. As the grim-faced stream of ministers came and went through the black door of No. 10 Downing Street, the watching crowds got no hint of crisis from Lord Home's broad, boyish grin and jaunty stride. The Prime Minister-designate seemed serenely untouched by the jealousies and conspiracies of his rival party. As one Tory said not long ago: "He's never scared. He just looks at you with that damn-your-eyes look and goes right on with what he's doing."

Home's victory may prove to be Pyrrhic. As a millionaire, one of Britain's biggest landowners, an Old Etonian, head of a family whose pedigree predates Magna Carta, he has inevitably caused the revival of an old argument: that the Tories' progressive, democratic goals are mere window dressing for the party of wealth and privilege.

The Labor Party is already in full cry. Describing the Tory selection process as viciously undemocratic, the Laborite Daily Mirror wrote: "Butler has been betrayed, Maundling insulted, Macleod ignored, Heath treated with contempt and Hailsham giggled out of court by the jester in hospital." Deriding the Tories' "aristocratic cabal," Harold Wilson last week took aim and declared scornfully: "In this ruthlessly competitive, scientific, technical, industrial age, a week of intrigues has produced a result based on family and hereditary



LOSER BUTLER WITH WIFE  
Decision between nightcap and dawn.

connections. The leader has emerged—an elegant anachronism."

Many Tories agreed. On the other hand, the ordeal undeniably produced a leader of courage and principle who believes, in Home's own words, that the government should never be content just to do "what people will stand for," but instead should unflinchingly "tell them what they ought to stand for." Says Tory Backbencher Nigel Birch: "His clarity and integrity shine out, and that's what you require in a leader. With his dignity and restraint, Home will show up Harold Wilson for a cheap crackerjack."

**Denobilitation.** The grey-haired, blue-eyed earl has none of the hauteur of many English noblemen, and he has a pugnacious streak that his fragile air belies. In the Cabinet and the country at large, Home's blunt, hardheaded performance as Foreign Secretary has won him a degree of respect accorded to only one of his postwar predecessors, Labor's late Ernie Bevin. Remembering Churchill's innocence of economics and social problems, many politicians believed that Home-Sweet-Home, as Win-



LABOR'S WILSON  
Choice between anachronisms.





ALEC HOME & GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER



ETON CRICKETER



WITH FIANCEE

*Honor, charm, self-confidence, and dedication to duty without condescension.*

ston called him, could easily fill the same gaps in his experience.

To some extent, the fears about Home reflect Britain's long and jealous struggle to establish political democracy and protect it from the monarchy and nobility. The last peer to form a government in Britain was Lord Salisbury in 1895. Since then, in deference to the unwritten rule that the Prime Minister cannot sit in the "Other Place," as M.P.s call the House of Lords, party leaders twice have reluctantly passed over titled favorites for second-running commoners. In 1923 Stanley Baldwin wrested the job from Lord Curzon; in 1940 Winston Churchill edged out Lord Halifax. Today the old rule need no longer keep talented men out of the Commons, thanks to a bill passed last summer that enables any "reluctant peer" to renounce his titles for life if he wishes.<sup>9</sup> The 14th Earl of Home will soon be legally and for the rest of his life Sir Alexander Frederick Douglas-Home. His next move will be to run for Parliament from a safe Tory seat. However, he is eager to represent a Scottish constituency, and since no suitable seat will be vacant in the immediate future, he may have to hold on to his title temporarily and sit in the Other Place until the right Scottish by-election comes along. To avoid this impractical arrangement, Tories hoped to postpone Parliament's recall next week. However, Harold Wilson brusquely rejected the idea as "impertinence."

What many Tories overlooked in the scramble to "denobilize" their leader is that Home's virtues are incurably those of the aristocrat: honor, charm, utter self-confidence, the dedication—and none of the condescension—of *noblesse oblige*.

**Show Me.** Home is almost devoid of personal ambition. Except last year if he had ever thought of becoming Prime

Minister, he shook his head and explained: "After I had dipped fairly freely into my first bottle of port, my father said to me: 'You know, the most important thing in life is to know when to stop.' At the height of the leadership auction at the Tory conference in Blackpool this month, a reporter goaded Home: 'Aren't you catching the fever?' Replied the Foreign Secretary: 'Put your hand on my forehead, and feel my pulse. You will find that both are quite normal.'"

Home's rise to the premiership has no parallel in modern times. He has been in politics for 27 of his 60 years, but he had held no Cabinet post before he became Commonwealth Relations Secretary. Though he worked diligently in the Commonwealth job and was also an able leader of the House of Lords before he took over the Foreign Office from Selwyn Lloyd in 1960, few Britons knew his name, and even fewer could pronounce it correctly. Most critics were angered by the fact that the Foreign Secretary would sit in the Lords, sheltered from the heavy fire of Commons debate. His decision was called "the most reckless appointment since the Emperor Caligula made his favorite horse a consul."

It was taken for granted that Macmillan, who had been his own Foreign Secretary when Selwyn Lloyd officially held the job, had picked a colorless yes man. "The Foreign Secretary," pronounced the late Hugh Gaitskell, "is now a puppet."

Home showed soon enough who was running the Foreign Office. He impressed its clannish professionals with his industry and quick grasp of issues, delighted many others with his laconic wit. When an aide sent him a bale of documents with the note, "The Secretary of State will be interested in reading this," Home sent back the bundle with the reply: "A kind thought, but entirely erroneous. Please abstract." From the outset he adopted a show-me attitude to the Russians that was notably tougher than Macmillan's conciliatory

approach. When Soviet fighters threatened Allied traffic in the Berlin air corridors not long after he took over, Home fired off an angry note to Moscow, and only then notified the Prime Minister.

**Compleat Angler.** Nonetheless, Gromyko trusts "Milord" Home enough to converse with him in English when they are alone, and Soviet admirers dubbed him respectfully the "Western Mo'otov." Laborites accused him of being rigidly anti-Communist, but Home was always ready to negotiate problems when he thought that there was any hope. When dealing with the Russians, said Compleat Angler Home, "I go trying for a fish. If nothing bites, I go back the next day. If a small fish bites, I go after a bigger one."

He has been a firm supporter of U.S. policies, though not always without reservations. When the Cuban crisis broke, he muttered: "I hope the Americans know what they are up to." Later, however, he rebuked British anti-Americanism: "The British people must recognize who are their friends and who are not. I am all for being fair-minded, but I do wish this country had a little less of the intellectual fringe and more horse sense." On his first visit to India as Commonwealth Relations Secretary, Home questioned the value of neutrality in talks with government leaders. "Weakness invites aggression," he said. He is an informal, unself-conscious diplomat who sometimes shows up for conferences in o'd worn carpet slippers, but his blunt talk often infuriates people. A cherished tribute to his forensic skill is a cable he received after one outspoken verdict. "To hell with you," it said. "Offensive letter follows."

**Castle for Coal.** In all Britain last week, there was probably only one community where Macmillan's choice of a successor was hailed with unmixed joy. To the 2,000-odd people of Coldstream, a Berwickshire border village flanked by 5,000 acres of Home's ancestral lands, the news of the laird's new job stirred the greatest celebration since the

<sup>9</sup> For this, ironically, the new Tory Prime Minister can thank Labor M.P. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, whose gallant campaign to shed his father's viscountcy won the nation's support for the law.

6th Lord became the 1st Earl in 1605. The clan once foregathered also at Douglas Castle, or "Castle Dangerous," as Sir Walter Scott called it, on their Lanarkshire estate, but in 1937, when the 13th Earl discovered a coalmine beneath his living room, he tore down the 176-year-old castle to get at it. Their family seat today is The Hirsell, a 70-room, Queen Anne mansion at Coldstream, one of the few Scottish homes that are both stately and central-heated.

Home's wife, who was the daughter of his old headmaster but cannot remember the Earl as an Etonian, shuttles with her husband between London. The Hirsell and Dorneywood, their country home in Buckinghamshire. She knits his socks, often cooks his breakfast. She is also an accomplished hostess, and confesses: "I love politics, because we are not the worrying kind. My husband is even more of an unworrier than I am." The Homes have three grown daughters and a son, 19-year-old Lord Dunglass, who will eventually inherit his father's suspended titles—unless he too wants to be Prime Minister.

The Coldstream villagers confessed last week that they were a little upset over Home's decision to drop his titles, but as Provost Joseph Carrick said sturdily, "To us, he'll always be the Earl."

**Scot of Scots.** Coldstream has been home to the Homes for at least eight centuries, and they have always been powers in the land. Their rolling farm lands were bestowed on the family by Scotland's King William the Lion in the 13th century. Later, the Homes merged with the powerful Douglas clan and inherited their vast, 50,000-acre estates in the Douglas Valley, 80 miles west of Coldstream. For several centuries, the bold, battling lairds of Douglas and Home fought the English and rustled their cattle. The 4th Earl of Douglas was acclaimed by Falstaff in *Henry IV* as "that sprightly Scot of Scots that runs o'horseback up a hill perpendicular."

At the battle of Flodden Field, which was fought within sight of the Homes' front lawn at Coldstream, Archibald, 5th Earl of Douglas, otherwise known as Bell-the-Cat, and the 3rd Lord Home both fought the Sassenach. Home tried to rally his followers against the English longbowmen. "A Home! A Home!" he cried. But his men—or so legend has it—misunderstood his order and trotted off home. It was then that the family decided to avert future disasters by pronouncing the name "Hume."

Two earls of Home were imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle for political crimes. Three others were beheaded. One merry laird of Home, says the 14th Earl, used to invite his neighbors to dinner and, "having wine and dined them until they were under the table, would then proceed to acquire their property. Then he would hang them by the neck to a tree outside the bedroom window to remind himself of,

as he used to say, 'the danger of over-indulgence.'" Home adds: "The English always say that we Scots retarded the advance of civilization. If we had known what civilization was going to be like, we would have retarded it a great deal longer."

**Honorably Ineligible.** Home's father was a cheerful, absent-minded nobleman of the Wodehouse breed—the sort that would take potshots at hares from the drawing-room window. At first young Alec seemed to take after him. Eton contemporaries still remember Alec Home's finest hour, in the big cricket match of 1922, when he scored 66 runs on a sticky wicket against Harrow. In those days, Author and Fellow Etonian Cyril Connolly wrote, Britain's new Prime Minister "was the kind of graceful, tolerant, sleepy boy who is showered with favors and crowned with all the laurels, who is liked by the masters and admired by the boys without any apparent exertion on his part. In the 18th century he would have become Prime Minister before he was 30; as it was, he appeared honorably ineligible for the struggle of life."

But Alec's younger brother, Playwright William Douglas-Home, warns that his "apparent mildness, his good-natured absent-mindedness," even his grin, are deceptive. William also vows that under Home, unlike Macmillan, "there won't be any nepotism." Says he: "Sister Bridget won't be chairing the Tory conference at Blackpool, my bird-watching brother Henry won't be next Secretary of State for Scotland, I will not be sent to the U.N., and Edward, my youngest brother, who

spent four years on the Burma railway as a prisoner of war, will not be Minister without Portfolio in the Far East."

**Political Blood.** To his father's regret, young Alec Home lost interest in fox hunting after falling off a walking horse the first time he rode to hounds. Home still follows his other boyhood pursuits: bird watching, butterfly collecting, flower arranging, piano playing. Macmillan occasionally visits the Homes for the grouse shooting, and, friends say, was about to tip the gillie £2 one day, when the thrifty Earl advised him sharply: "Half as much will do."

After Eton, where his headmaster described him as the most unambitious boy he had ever encountered, Home went to Oxford's aristocratic Christ Church,\* where he scraped by with a third in history. He was interested in the family's "political blood"—Britain's great reforming Prime Minister Earl Grey was his paternal great-grandfather—and was elected to Parliament in 1931 from the depressed mining district of South Lanark. "It seemed rather stodgy just to stay at home and live on your money and look after your estates," he explains. "It would have been a lot better for the estates if I had, and you might think it would have been better for foreign policy."

In fact, Home was a conscientious M.P., and says that the miseries of the depression in Lanarkshire helped swing his political views left of center. Despite the criticism that he knows nothing of

\* Home is the 20th Old Etonian Prime Minister (of 45), and the 13th to have attended Christ Church.

CAMERA PRESS—PIX



THE HOMES AT DORNEYWOOD  
The unworring kind.

domestic issues, he was concerned with a wide range of economic and social problems as Lanarkshire's M.P. and later as Secretary of State for Scotland.

**Backbone Added.** In 1937 Home became Neville Chamberlain's parliamentary private secretary. It was he who handed the Prime Minister Hitler's message setting up the Munich meeting in 1938, and Home accompanied his boss to the ill-fated conference. The Home family motto is *True to the End*, and Home still defends Chamberlain's attempt to make a deal with Hitler. "Chamberlain," he says, "hated Hitler and Fascism, but he felt that Europe in general and Britain in particular were in even greater danger from Communism." In wartime, Major Lord Home was invalided out of the Lanarkshire Yeomanry after only a few months' service, when he contracted spinal tuberculosis. The next two years were to be the cru-

cial period of his life. In bed, encased in a plaster cast, the happy-go-lucky Etonian read deeply and widely, pored over Marx and Lenin in an attempt to understand Russia's long-range goals. (Harold Wilson admits that he never got farther than page 2 of Marx's *Das Kapital*.) When he was able to return to the House, his spine mended by the doctors, Home cracked: "This is the first time that anyone has ever performed the impossible task of putting backbone in a politician."

Home's profound skepticism of Soviet policy led him to challenge Winston Churchill when the Prime Minister praised as an "act of justice" Stalin's promise to respect Poland's borders after the war. "On the contrary," said Home, it was "an act of power," and he was soon proved right. Home constantly reiterated that unless the government grasped the fact that "this country and

Russia operate under two different sets of standards, there will stretch before us a long vista of political difficulties, misunderstandings and disillusion."

Home can be equally pointed on domestic issues, of which his foes say he knows nothing. Every step to make Britain more competitive and prosperous, said Home not long ago, has "an instant effect on our ability to guide events. Once more I make a plea for wealth—which is one of the foundations of influence."

**Us & Them.** Theoretically, such talk should appeal to newly prosperous Britons at a time when economic boom and expanding education have eroded the ancient class barriers between "Us" and "Them," between the Privileged and the People of Disraeli's Two Nations. Instead of denouncing their superiors in privilege, Britons now aspire to join them—and do. Two-thirds of Britain's

## COMMON SENSE & CORONETS

*"I can't get my tongue around other people's words and phrases," Lord Home once explained. It is just as well. The Prime Minister writes or ad libs his own speeches, and though they give cautious bureaucrats the shudders, Lord Home's own sparkling words are full of candor, common sense, eloquence.*

**On National Aims:** "When paleolithic man lived on lizards, he had two jobs: to provide security for his family and food for them to eat. Things haven't changed much. The basic objective of our foreign policy is to provide security and food with which to feed ourselves."

**On Negotiating with Russia:** "I believe there may be just room to co-exist if we reply to Russia's Jekyll and Hyde performance with a certain duality of our own. We must expose and frustrate the conspirator and negotiate with the patriot. If Mr. Khrushchev is sending a genuine olive branch, then he will find I am perfectly capable of sitting on the branch with him and cooing like a dove."

**On "Softness" Toward Communism:** "We do not always choose to express our opposition to Communism in the military context. That would be much too simple an answer, but we see the challenge clearly and the need to meet it all along the line. So do not be misled into thinking us soft. Some of our enemies made that mistake. Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers. The memorial to him in London is a railway station called Waterloo. Shopkeepers we may be, but neither our principles nor our alliances are for sale."

**On the Cold War:** "We must not give ground anywhere. Does that mean that we should never be able to im-

prove our chances of living together with Russia or engineering better relations? I could not accept that pessimistic conclusion. The impact of education and science is inevitably working a social change in the Soviet Union. A revolution started 40 years ago cannot maintain its momentum forever. In spite of all setbacks, we must persevere. Today we keep the peace by the balance of terror—because that is what life is. But we must work towards keeping the peace by reason—because that is what life ought to be."

**On Communist Goals:** "Their aim is to overthrow the way of life free men have chosen for themselves and substitute their own. Their tactics are to undermine, harry and probe weaknesses everywhere, backing up if necessary their probes with force. Today it is the Congo, Laos, Tibet and Cuba. Tomorrow it will be another selection. That is what Mr. Khrushchev calls peaceful coexistence. There is very little peaceful about it except that, with luck, the guns don't fire."

**On the U.S.:** "Those who can accuse the Americans of being warlike are those who either do not know who or who find the Americans' championship of liberty astride their path of ambition. The only people who can accuse the Americans of being imperialists are those who are significantly deficient in humor."

**On Alliances:** "Internationally, Britain's strength rests upon a tripod of the Commonwealth, Europe, and the Atlantic Alliance. But a tripod is a particularly uncomfortable seat if one leg is shorter and weaker than the other, and so it must be the positive purpose of our foreign policy to strengthen all three."

**On the United Nations:** "This concentration on 'colonialism' has led to

the adoption of a double standard of behavior by many of the newly elected countries. Russia's empire is occupied by military force and ruled by fear. By contrast, the British record is one which has freed 600 million people in 15 years. The U.N. members know that to be true, but they seldom condemn the Russians and constantly harass us. Is there growing up, almost imperceptibly, a code of behavior where there is one rule for the bully who deals in fear and another for the democracies, because their stock in trade is reason and compromise?"

**On Countries Not Paying U.N. Dues:** "Somewhat back in history, the cry was raised not far from here: 'No taxation without representation.' I am going to turn that around and suggest that there should be no representation without taxation."

**On Personal Diplomacy:** "This business of perambulation! Why employ intelligent and highly paid ambassadors and then go and do their work for them? You don't buy a canary and sing yourself. I therefore give notice that I shall go on strike and sit more in the control tower—just in time to avoid visiting a foreign secretary in the moon."

**On the Rule of Law:** "Some people are suspicious of law and order, as though the rule of law was a mere trick to freeze the status quo. It is quite the opposite. Its observance is the *sine qua non* of peaceful change. The rule of law is a lesson learned from centuries of human experience, from many mistakes and much suffering. It amounts simply to this: that only by submitting ourselves to obey the law can we reconcile conflicting ambitions and serve the interests of mankind as a whole. Without the rule of law we destroy one another."

workers vote Labor, but sociologists report that 40% of them actually think of themselves as middle-class.

And yet, class feeling remains stronger in Britain than anywhere else in Western Europe. The very fact that a new "aristocracy of achievement" has risen up, through scholarships and red-brick universities, to breach the Establishment has made many Tories more class-conscious than before. This in turn produces resentment among newcomers, who feel that they are not really welcomed by the old crowd. The game of "class spotting," a charade around the infinite variety of right or wrong in speech or dress, is being played in Britain more cruelly than ever. It is against this background of class distinction, paradoxically both keener and less meaningful, that Britain's aristocratic Prime Minister will have to make policy—and fight an election.

One question that Britons will answer at the polls is whether the Earl who has forsworn his titles will in fact not seem less of an anachronism than Harold Wilson, who brags that he is "classless" but harps on class consciousness. Home may well seem to many Britons a symbol of the bad old days, when privilege meant power without responsibility. On the other hand, Labor's new order would create its own privileged class, one that has had little or no experience of power and would owe its primary responsibility to the state.

**Sink or Swim.** Home has considered the issue more carefully than he is often given credit for, is on record with a remarkable statement of Britain's domestic challenges. "For the trade unions," he has said, "the choice is whether to remain sunk in the stick-in-the-mud attitudes of the twenties and thirties, a prey to Depression fixations, meeting today's prosperity with yesterday's attitudes of mind, or whether to operate an up-to-date organization in modern conditions of affluence, where the object would be to produce as much wealth as possible and get a fair and increasing reward for an honest day's work. For the industrialist, the choice is whether to play safe, to divide up the market, to insist on restrictive practices, or whether to get out and take those risks which created British industrial supremacy in the first place and are the very basis of a free mercantile economy."

As for government, said Home, its choice "is whether to treat the country as a chronic invalid, taking its temperature and feeling its pulse every five minutes to see if it is strong enough to be told the facts of life, or whether to assume that the body politic of the country is robust and its mind mature and its heart sound and to tell the people what the hour demands, confident they will rise to the occasion. The country has a right to assume that men's minds will be as modern as the machinery they tend, that private enterprise will be enterprising—that the government will govern."

## WEST GERMANY

### Der Dicke Takes Over

For years No. 8 Schleierstrasse was like any other house on the suburban Bonn hillside called Venusberg. Everything was always spick-and-span, and from the kitchen came the odor of Bavarian stew. No. 8's occupant, a chubby, rumped man with pink bulging face and bulging briefcase, went to the office each morning, returned each evening, like so many hard-working businessmen of the district.

One morning last week a sleek black Mercedes limousine with official license plates glided up to the curb; the chauffeur nodded amiably to the plainclothes policeman who had taken up station

or foreign affairs. To the U.S., he gave assurance of the closest friendship. To Europe, he promised his strongest efforts to strengthen the budding ties of integration. There would be no disavowal of Konrad Adenauer's Franco-German pact, and he hoped Bonn would remain on warm terms with Paris. But, he added emphatically, "we must also cultivate relations with other European states, especially with Great Britain." It was hint enough that Bonn wanted no part of Charles de Gaulle's narrow concept of Europe, would continue to press for Britain's entry into the Common Market.

**Stronger Reality.** Erhard gave qualified blessing to the further exploration of an East-West *détente*, with the ad-



CHANCELLOR ERHARD & ADENAUER

"The man of firm purpose builds a world of his liking."

on the sidewalk during the night. Both beamed as Ludwig Erhard emerged from No. 8 to ride to Parliament and be confirmed as the new Chancellor of West Germany.

**The Middle Way.** It was a great moment for *der Dicke* (the Fat One). For 14 years, as economics minister, he had struggled alongside crusty old Konrad Adenauer to build a new nation out of war's rubble, and he had succeeded beyond all expectation: today West Germany has the strongest economy in all Europe and can boast a healthy growth of democratic roots. At 66, Ludwig Erhard is also by far the country's most popular politician. Meritably, the Bundestag gave him a whopping majority approval to take over from the retiring Adenauer.

West Germany's eagle symbol loomed on the wall behind the speaker's stand as Erhard rose to deliver his two-hour acceptance address. "My policy is a policy of the middle way," he declared, making clear that he planned no major departures in West Germany's domestic

monition that both sides remember a cardinal need: a solution to the problem of divided Germany. "We are told that division of our country is a 'reality' which has to be accepted," he declared. "Of course it is a reality, but it is an unbearable one. An illness, too, is a reality, but no one would think of blaming someone who tries to cure the disease."

Above all, he added, "if the division of our country is put forward as a reality, the will of the German people to restore its unity is a far stronger reality."

As *der Dicke* spoke, his newly appointed Cabinet sat proudly on the government benches. Erhard had made few changes, and was not particularly pleased about them. For one thing, he had wanted Civil Servant Ludger Westrick, his able No. 2 man at the Ministry of Economics, as new Economics Minister. But Christian Democratic Union bosses insisted on a politician in the job, and Erhard finally agreed to the appointment of Kurt Schmücker, a politically safe but untutored industrialist. Erhard had held out against more power





DE GAULLE OBSERVING MANEUVERS FROM HELICOPTER  
In the stumbling state.

in the Cabinet for the C.D.U.'s coalition partners, the Free Democrats, but now they had forced him to give Free Democrat Leader Erich Mende not only a vice chancellorship but also an important Cabinet post, the Ministry for All-German Affairs, which concerns itself with the problems of East Germany.

**Preference for Teamwork.** Some suggested that all this betrayed Erhard's "softness." True, Erhard made no secret of the fact that he preferred teamwork to the stiff authoritarian style of rule practiced by Adenauer. He gave his ministers a small taste of the new atmosphere last week by lighting a cigar at the first Cabinet meeting—one no one had ever been permitted to smoke in *der Alte's* presence. The Cabinet would have more leeway on serious matters as well. But so far he had done no more compromising than any other politician who must deal with the intricacies of intraparty factions and coalition bargaining. And he had ended his acceptance speech with a quotation from Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea* to show his inner resolve:

*For in these unsettled times, the man  
Whose mind is unsettled  
Only increases the evil and spreads it  
Wider and wider  
While the man of firm purpose builds  
A world of his liking.*

## FRANCE

### One Man's Meat

Like the good red wine that goes with his meat, a French butcher has to be picked with care and pampered for years—and even then he can turn sour. Rushing in where housewives fear to tread, Charles de Gaulle in 1961 tried to battle inflation by decreeing a cut in butchers' profit margins, which in many cases amounted to 50%. Again this year, De Gaulle's regime demanded that butchers cut some fat from their prices. Last week, striking back, indignant Parisian butchers closed down 3,355 of

3,744 butcher shops in greater Paris and cut off beef purchases from La Villette, the vast, archaic meat-wholesaling center on the edge of the city. That strictly limited the capital's supply. Result: chaos.

A plastic bomb wrecked one butcher's establishment. Frenzied housewives turned in desperation to pork and horsemeat, even frozen U.S. chickens. At last, the butchers relented, but their re-opened shops had only a few days' beef supply and the threat to Paris kitchens remained. Cried Charles Léonard, chairman of the Paris butchers' syndicate: "We are no longer under the Occupation. The Germans have left. Butchers, I am proud of you!"

### Games with Nuclear Trimmings

*War breaks out in September 1966. "Red" forces attack the "violet" (NATO) alliance, only to be stymied at the Rhine. The reds try an end run through "white" country [Switzerland] to invade "blue" country [France].*

So went the script for the French army's annual fall war games. The setting was lovely: the meadows and fir-covered hills of the Jura mountains, a few miles from the Swiss border. The assemblage was splendid: Charles de Gaulle in his brigadier general's uniform; Premier Georges Pompidou; General Charles Ailleret, the modern-minded chief of staff of all French forces; General Louis Le Puloch, the traditionalist chief of staff.

To block the flanking thrust, the army men staging the games plotted military academy textbook tactics—with nuclear trimmings. The invading reds began the show by firing nuclear artillery at the blue defenders, supposedly vaporizing the town of Pontarlier (pop. 16,000). Smoke machines puffed up mushroom clouds to simulate utter destruction. The blues responded by dispatching a couple of Mirage VIs to drop 60-kiloton bombs on a red town

of equivalent size. Meanwhile, back at the battlefield, the blues sprayed 15 tactical nuclear weapons on the reds in an area ten miles long and ten miles wide. More puffs of smoke *aux champignons*. Fifteen minutes passed, and the blues advanced in tanks and on foot. France won. Among army strategists, felicitations all around.

De Gaulle's nuclear experts and modern warfare men, however, were appalled. They insist that France's nuclear force will be only a deterrent, or else a last-gasp weapon; if they fail to deter, and France is falling, then and only then are the bombers to be used to drag the attacker under with France. They cannot be used on routine, tit-for-tat bombing missions as the war games suggested. As for the frantic, 15-weapon battlefield broadside, so lavish a use of atomic weapons in so small an area (particularly on French soil) amounted to nothing more than an old-fashioned artillery barrage, reduced to absurdity. And why move into the area 15 minutes later? What would be left to attack? How could one protect tanks and infantry against fire and intense radioactivity?

De Gaulle himself tried to calm the briefing rooms by admitting that France is still at the "stumbling stage of nuclear tactics." Some mistakes had been shown up usefully, he comforted; future maneuvers would not resemble this one at all.

## IRAN

### Charles at the Peacock Throne

In its 2,500 years, Persia has been overrun by conquerors ranging from Alexander the Great to Omar I the Caliph to Tamerlane. Never had it witnessed such a visitation as last week, when the grandeur of Charles de Gaulle met the pomp of the Peacock Throne.

At Teheran, le grand Charles was welcomed by Iran's Shahanshah, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, and his lovely Empress, Farah Diba—who share dulcet





SHAH & FRIEND  
In the grip of Two Flowers.





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memories of France, since the Shah first met his young Queen-to-be while she was an architecture student in Paris. Through flag-bedecked streets rode De Gaulle in a gilded state carriage. Along the route, crowds chanted "Zindehbad [long live] De Gaulle," which turned out to be a particularly poetic cheer, since the visitor's name sounds like "Two Flowers" in Farsi, the Persian tongue. Ignoring Draconian security measures, Two Flowers moved right into the crowd and shook hundreds of outstretched hands just as if he were at home. He toured the ancient cities of Shiraz, Isfahan and Persepolis, viewed the crown jewels, laid a wreath on the mausoleum of the Shah's father, Reza Shah Pahlavi.



MOROCCAN TROOPS AT SAHARA OUTPOST  
For riches beneath the sand.

As became apparent last May when he paid a triumphal visit to Greece, De Gaulle has visions of rebuilding France's influence in the Middle and Near East. At a banquet in Golestan Palace, in private talks with the Shah and his able Premier, Assadollah Alam, the guest repeated his pitch: Iran enjoys a friend in France, which has had treaty relations with the country since Louis XIV. In an address to Parliament, De Gaulle hailed the Shah's reforms, added that Iran, like France, has preserved dignified independence despite the cold war. He wound up with a grand offer "to contribute efficiently to the development of your country."

Direct French aid to Iran averages less than \$1,000,000 a year, mostly in scholarships (U.S. aid this year is \$116 million, has totaled \$1.5 billion since the war). Indirectly, the Paris government backs \$100 million in loans that are facilitating French construction projects in Iran. It remains to be seen whether France will offer much more; for all his ringing words, De Gaulle cited no future aid figures. Yet Iranians, who in the past have had their differences with Washington over the amount and type of U.S. aid received, were pleased

to be wooed by De Gaulle. Loaded with gifts of silk Persian rugs, the regal invader prepared to fly off at week's end, apparently having impressed his host. Slightly starry-eyed, the Shah predicted that De Gaulle's visit would produce "good things, maybe marvelous things."

## ALGERIA

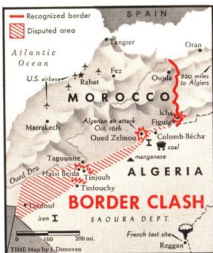
### Fight Now, Fly Later

At the rate that troubles keep piling up for Algerian President Ahmed ben Bella, he may never satisfy that longing to address the current session of the United Nations General Assembly. Fortnight ago, Ben Bella's bags were all packed when the Berber revolt in the

guerrilla war against the French. No such thing, said Ben Bella; the land is Algerian and not subject to negotiation.

Political enmity heated up the feud over territory. Hassan, a reform-minded but high-living monarch, preserved his ties to the West, kept on thousands of French teachers and technicians to help independent Morocco get started. This policy of moderation was abhorrent to austere, leftist Strongman Ben Bella and his vindictive brand of socialism. The Algerian regime launched a virulent propaganda war against Morocco.

**Meat Ticket.** Finally, after a border skirmish earlier this month in which Algerian troops killed ten Moroccan soldiers, Hassan mobilized his crack,



Kabylia forced him to change plans. Then, after proclaiming with some exaggeration that the rebellion was crushed, Ben Bella confidently put the U.N. trip back on his schedule. Last week it was off again as the strongman faced a new crisis: a nasty border war with neighboring Morocco. Far from avoiding the clash, Ben Bella had reason to welcome it, since it camouflaged his internal problems.

**Not Negotiable.** Trouble had been brewing for years. As long as the French ruled North Africa, they saw little point in fixing the boundaries between their colonies. Thus, when they pulled out of Morocco in 1956 and gave up Algeria six years later, there was no clearly defined line for 600 miles along the north-south border between the two countries. It might not have mattered much, except that beneath the desert sands of the region was discovered one of the world's richest deposits of iron ore (65% pure iron), coal and other minerals. Morocco's King Hassan II claimed the area as part of his ancient kingdom, declared that the Algerian rebels had promised to turn it over in exchange for Morocco's crucial help during the

35,000-man royal army. The immediate military targets were two tiny, desolate outposts: Hassi Beida, little more than a water hole and a few palm trees perched on a stony hill, and Tinnoub, a mud-walled fort seven miles to the east. One day last week a battalion of 1,000 Moroccan infantry armed with bazookas, recoilless cannon and heavy machine guns stormed both outposts, seized them after a four-hour battle in which at least ten Algerians were slain. By sunset the outnumbered Algerians rushed up reinforcements. Soon 4,000 men were involved in the fighting. 750 miles southwest of Algiers. It was a sporadic struggle, and after four days it subsided. Except for an Algerian plane that bombed and strafed a Moroccan town some 200 miles away, the war consisted mostly of sniping and artillery salvos, exchanged over a no man's land of rocky ridges, steep ravines and huge boulders jutting out of the desert sand.

Meanwhile, war fever gripped Algeria. At his demagogic best, Ben Bella proclaimed total mobilization to fight the imaginary "collusion" between the Kabylia rebels and the "feudal monarchy" of Morocco. "Hassan to the gal-



CAMPAIGNER PARK & KOREAN ELDER  
Winning against oracles.

lows," yelled the crowd of 100,000. Thousands of jobless, hungry Algerians happily joined the army, partly to get a free meal ticket. Ben Bella showed up in the National Assembly in a brand-new battle jacket, urged the Deputies to "give up your neckties and cuff links" and sign up too. Most did, and the Assembly was dissolved until further notice.

**Truce Talks.** For the moment, Ben Bella's performance succeeded in distracting attention from the deeper problems of economic chaos, political dissension, and simmering rebellion in Kabylia, where guerrillas last week reportedly kidnaped government officials and whisked them into the hills. At the same time, the regime stepped up its anti-American campaign with the charge that U.S. pilots had airlifted Moroccan troops to the border. Despite U.S. official denials, the accusation seemed at least partially accurate. Four days before the fighting broke out, pilots of the U.S. Air Force training mission in Morocco ferried troops in six C-119s and C-47s to Marrakech, 300 miles from the frontier. Belatedly realizing that a border war was in the making, the U.S. hastily ended the operation.

Dutifully, the rival North African brothers went through the motions of truce talks, but the Moroccans refused Algerian demands to withdraw from the outposts, and after six meetings in Marrakech the negotiations collapsed in anger. As the Algerians stormed home, a new battle reportedly erupted at Ich, 300 miles northeast of the original fighting, and Hassan charged that Ben Bella sought to convert the border struggle into a general war. Back in Algiers, Information Minister Mohammed Yazid blandly declared that a "dialogue is still possible." With that, he boarded a plane for New York, where he will be Ben Bella's stand-in at the U.N.

## SOUTH KOREA

### Slim Mandate

When tough little General Park Chung Hee, 46, boss of South Korea's military junta, doffed khaki for mufti last August to run for President, many expected an elaborately rigged election ending in a landslide for Park. It did not happen that way. Park won—but just barely, and after the first, most honest election South Korea has known.

**Caged Tiger.** Washington had prodded Park hard to set a democratic example. Not everything was simon-pure. After one opposition candidate, retired Lieut. General Song Yo ("Tiger") Chan, attacked Park in a speech, the government suddenly charged Song with having executed two subordinates during the Korean war and put him in Seoul's Sodaemun prison, from where he continued to campaign with tape-recorded speeches.

But by Korean standards, the opposition, though badly divided, was remarkably uninhibited. Large crowds rallied to hear Park's chief challenger, ex-President Yun Po Sun, an archaeologist who resigned ten months after Park seized



CHALLENGER YUN PO SUN  
Losing with a bouquet.

power in 1961, and ex-Premier Huh Chung, a scholarly ex-journalist. They hit out at Park's arbitrary rule and the country's economic plight, openly revived an old charge that he had once flirted with Communism.\* Park accused his foes of "McCarthyism."

Harder to answer was a steady, superstitious whispering campaign—supported by *nudangs*, the female oracles of the Korean countryside—to the effect that military rule was to blame even for crop failures and that "heaven does not favor leaders of short stature and intense nature." Candidate Park crisscrossed the country by limousine, chartered an airliner and private railroad car, occasionally made noises about greater independence from the U.S. He was ill at ease in civvies and proved a dull campaigner, once interrupted a speech to plead: "Please give me some applause so that I can take heart."

**Fireproof Ballots.** On election day the government threw out a batch of ballots in one strongly anti-Park district of Seoul, but such "invalidations" were at a record low. "Power failures" are another standard practice in South Korea on election nights, to facilitate tampering with ballot boxes. But this time the lights went out briefly in only one city, Pusan, and not only was it a bona fide short circuit, but the Central Election Management Committee had foresightedly ordered all polls, Pusan's included, to lay in a supply of candles. Moreover, to prevent the almost customary burning of wooden ballot boxes, Park's regime installed metal boxes. As a result, Park squeaked through by only 156,026 votes—4,702,640 to Yun's 4,546,614, or 43% of the total. Many of General Park's own soldiers apparently voted against him.

It was a slim mandate, hardly designed to encourage continued high-handedness at home during Park's four-year term (although the returns had barely been announced when Park's Central Intelligence Agency rounded up 30 students on charges of plotting against the government). Defeated opponent Yun went into hiding, but soon emerged and, in an unheard-of gesture in South Korea, sent Winner Park congratulations and flowers. Adding to Park's worries is a National Assembly election scheduled for next month, which his Democratic-Republican Party will be hard pressed to win. Neither is he expected to go overboard in any new policies of "independence" from the U.S. South Korea's struggling economy is beset by inflation that has hiked prices 40% in the past year, and Washington aid dollars, which came to \$344.4 million in fiscal 1962, finance almost half the national budget. Besides, Communist North Korea still bristles across the 38th Parallel.

\* In 1948, after a Communist-led military revolt at Yosu, Park, then a captain, was court-martialed and sentenced to life imprisonment, only to be pardoned and discharged. When the Korean war broke out, he was recalled but never given a combat command.

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# THE HEMISPHERE

## CANADA

### The French Connection

Ever since France ceded Canada to Britain in the Treaty of Paris in 1763, the French-speaking province of Quebec has felt itself unhappily isolated. *Québécois* complain that they are treated as second-class citizens by the English-speaking Canadians. As for Frenchmen, when they noticed Quebec at all, they tended to regard it as a chilly place populated by peasants who spoke an unforgivable French.

No longer. In Canada these days, an eye-rolling love affair is blossoming between Quebec and the France of Charles de Gaulle's *politique de grandeur*. French Renaults, Peugeot and Citroëns fill the Montreal streets; French wines, Vichy water and *apéritifs* are all the rage. Air France and Trans-Canada Air Lines enjoy a booming tourist trade: TCA ran 600 charters to Europe this year.

When Montreal planned a subway, it turned to Paris' Métro as a model. When the city's police force was overhauled, Paris detectives were called in for advice. When Quebec drew up its six-year development plan, it was only natural to turn for inspiration to France's successful *planification économique*. And when Quebec Premier Jean Lesage journeyed to Paris to open a \$340,000 Maison du Québec two years ago, Charles de Gaulle welcomed him with all the pomp usually accorded a head of state.

On the New Frontier. In Montreal last week to reveal to Quebec the full extent of its spiritual and material inheritance were Minister of State for Cultural Affairs André Malraux and 130 top French businessmen and officials. The occasion: a \$1,000,000 science-and-industry *Exposition Française*, the biggest business fair ever held in Montreal. Besides showing off everything from surgical instruments to a subway car, France sent along spectacular displays of 10,000 flowers from the Côte d'Azur, 30 tapestries and an exhibition of recent French art.

On his arrival, Malraux made it plain that he found himself on a new frontier of De Gaulle's grand new France: "I'm not here to tell you what France can do for you but rather what France expects from you." Malraux humbly expressed "remorse for our past attitude toward French Canada," pleaded for Quebec to create a distinctive French culture in North America.

For eight days, French Canadians hung on his every word. The English-language Montreal Star even speculated on what might have been had Quebec remained part of France, and quoted one French intellectual's view: "Quebec would have played a vital role in keeping French culture alive during the Second World War. The postwar renaissance



MALRAUX IN MONTREAL

La patrie, oui.

sance of France would have come from Quebec."

Heady Enough. In Paris there were stout denials that Malraux's words had any political meaning—only cultural and sentimental. But the sentiments were heady enough. At Montreal's city hall, a wave of emotion swept the crowd when Malraux declared: "I say to you, French Canadians, that we will build tomorrow's civilization together!"

## MEXICO

### Carrying the Torch in '68

The symbolic torch of the Olympic games has burned in many places, but never in Latin America. As the International Olympic Committee met in the West German resort of Baden-Baden last week to pick the site for the 1968 summer games, the French city of Lyon poured out the champagne and was full of effervescent expectations. Michigan's Governor George Romney flew over from the U.S. to plead Detroit's impressive case (its seventh attempt) with the help of a 37-minute movie including a special pitch by President Kennedy. Of the two Latin American contenders, Mexico and Argentina, the men from Buenos Aires gave it only a halfhearted try.

The Mexicans were more enthusiastic. They were among the first to arrive at Baden-Baden, spent five days buttonholing committee members in the corridors. On presentation day, they flashed Cinerama shots of stadiums, swimming pools and sports centers used in the 1955 Pan American Games, and displayed a model of the 110,000-seat stadium under construction. They promised to charge athletes only \$2.80

a day for room and board—20¢ lower than Detroit—and crowds would be no problem for their tourist-oriented city. And what about the 7,400-ft. altitude? Snorted a Bulgarian delegate: "Horses never have trouble getting acclimatized down there. And if horses can stand it, so can the humans."

Mexico City won hands down with 30 votes, v. 14 for Detroit, 12 for Lyon, 2 for Buenos Aires. "What helped Mexico," says Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee, "was that it is one of the smaller countries, and some members felt that they could do more for the Olympic movement on the whole by giving encouragement to such a country."

## THE CARIBBEAN

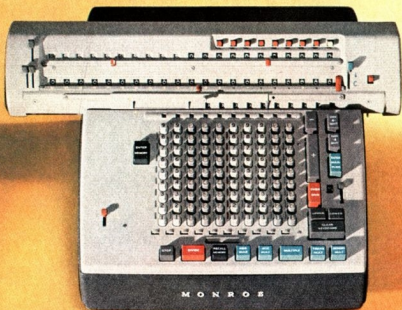
### An Outbreak of Dengue

All travelers entering the U.S. last week from Jamaica and Puerto Rico were closely checked for signs of a disease that most of them never heard of: dengue (pronounced *den-gay*) fever. The disease hit the Caribbean in July. Ever since, officials with an anxious eye on the coming winter's tourist trade (normally 20,000 to 25,000 visitors a month for Puerto Rico alone) have been waiting hopefully for the epidemics to die out. They are still waiting. New cases last week brought Jamaica's 1963 total close to 500, while Puerto Rico passed the 15,000 mark and was still reporting 200 new cases a day. Chances are that many cases have gone unreported.

Dengue is seldom a fatal illness. But it is one of the most painful of infectious diseases, which explains its other name, *breakbone fever*. About a week after injection of the virus by a biting mosquito, the victim develops a fever, chills, excruciating headache, pain behind the eyeballs, backache, and pain in muscles and joints. Most victims are sure they are going to die—and many want to. The pain and weakness last for weeks. There is no specific medication; the only treatment is aspirin, lots of fluids and bed rest.

The U.S. has had no epidemic of dengue for 20 years, but Public Health Service officials are worried that a single infected traveler might reseed the virus in mainland mosquitoes. The usual carrier is the urban and suburban mosquito *Aedes aegypti*, also the carrier of yellow fever. It is found in at least nine Southern states, where it breeds in cans, old tires and holes in trees.

For all the pain it has caused, the Caribbean flare-up of dengue has had some worthwhile effects. It has spurred authorities in both Jamaica and Puerto Rico to step up their neglected anti-mosquito spraying. And Congress has appropriated \$3,000,000 as a starter on a \$45 million campaign to wipe out *Aedes aegypti* completely in the U.S.



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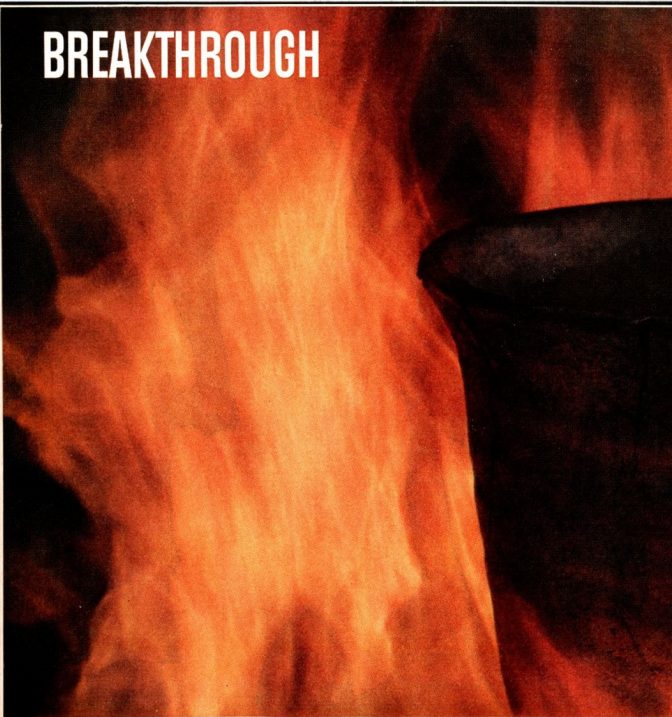
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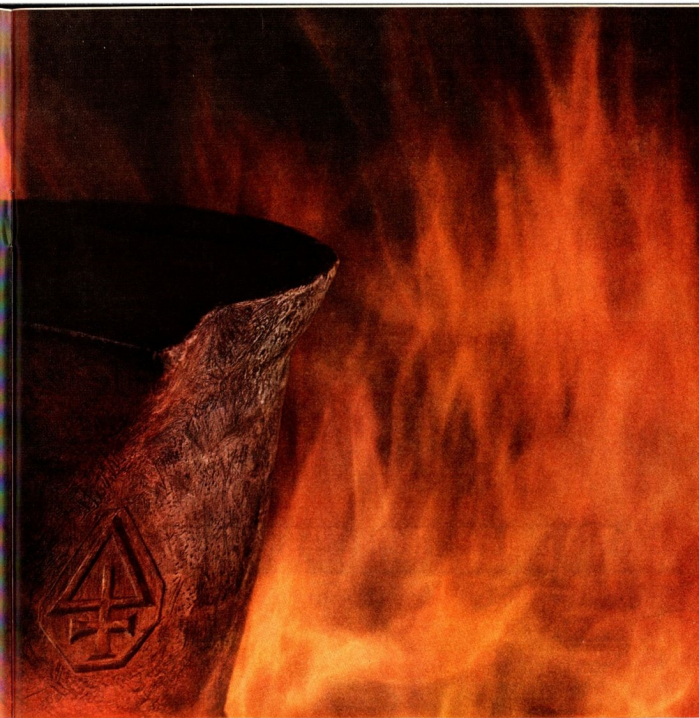
# BREAKTHROUGH



*Lavoisier*



In the secrets of combustion  
he found a key to a new age  
of chemical wonders.



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Antoine Lavoisier's discoveries in the late 18th century burned away the mistaken theories of alchemy which plagued early chemistry. Out of his study of combustion grew man's present understanding of chemical compounds and the reactions which create them.

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## PEOPLE

They began crowding into the cemetery four hours before the funeral, and by 11 a.m., 25,000 had squeezed in while nearly as many more were outside the gates. Pushing, shoving, screaming, trampling other graves, they surprised the outnumbered police, who helplessly shrilled on their whistles trying to maintain order. Women fainted, and were laid out on tombs. (One was carted off to a hospital in the funeral hearse.) And amidst the tumult, the body of **Edith Piaf**, along with her cherished good luck charms, a stuffed rabbit, squirrel and lion, was lowered into its grave. It was 6 p.m. before the last of the mourners departed, leaving behind on her grave notes, poems, pictures of her favorite saint (Theresa), a sailor's beret and a French Foreign Legionnaire's epaulet.

As the twin-engine Caribou Army transport swooped in for a landing at a dirt airstrip 110 miles northwest of Saigon, General **Paul Harkins**, 59, U.S. military commander in Viet Nam, noticed a small problem. Hey, wait! Look! Too late. And the plane touched down with its landing gear firmly up and locked. Harkins and all aboard emerged unhurt. But definitely unhappy. "That's one hell of a way to come down," roared the general. "Well sir," explained the pilot helpfully, "I forgot to put the wheels down."

Nowadays it is a rare occasion that brings Elder Statesman **Bernard Baruch**, 93, out for a black-tie evening, but he wanted the pleasure of presenting the President's Citation of the People-to-People Sports Committee to "a little girl" he used to know. She was **Joan Whitney Payson**, 60, co-owner of Greentree Stable and fairy grandmother of the New York Mets baseball team. The first woman recipient of the Cita-

tion admitted a penchant for athletes "with two or four feet," but as for herself, well, she was "strictly a spectator sport." Then, as flashbulbs popped, the "little girl" filed a smiling complaint. "Why is it," she said, "that I always have my picture taken between Eddie Arcaro and Johnny Rotz?" The two jockeys could only grin and try to look bigger.

Two days later, the other half of Greentree Stable had some sharp words about the treatment of four-footed athletes by two-footed businessmen. Speaking at the Thoroughbred Club of America, Mrs. Payson's brother, **John Hay** ("Jock") **Whitney**, 59, told horsemen that with the "monumental exception" of Kelso (see SPORT), thoroughbred "mediocrity has been so spectacular that it can no longer be ignored." Why so? Simply because commercialism is taking over the sport, said Jock. "The rewards, whether for winning or for losing, offer almost irresistible temptations to race a two-year-old more than is good for him." In one race, he recalled, his own horse had finished dead last, 17 lengths off the pace, and he still wound up with a silver bowl.

His position, he says, is "unemployed parson" and thus he has more time for travel. So Lord **Geoffrey Fisher**, 76, retired Archbishop of Canterbury, flew into Sydney with his wife to visit their son. "We've come to Australia to see him and his wife before they've forgotten they're both English," he explained. As for the rest of his time since retiring, Lord Fisher has been doing what he likes—"going to schools and universities to give talks and be heckled."

The National Association of Investment Clubs was meeting in Manhattan, and the delegates went down for a tour of Wall Street. "I want to learn something about the financial community," said Mrs. **Genevieve Funston**, who with 13 other ladies belongs to the Wise Investment Club in Greenwich, Conn. Her interest was understandable since her son, G. Keith, is president of the New York Stock Exchange. But she isn't getting any tips. "He warned me not to expect any help," she explained. How is the club doing? "Well," she welled, "we're doing all right."

He is that rarest of royalty, a monarch who was voted peacefully out of office, and his reign lasted only 35 days in 1946. But Italy's ex-King **Umberto II** of Savoy, 59, now living in Portugal, was clearly the center of attention at Manhattan's annual Alfred E. Smith Memorial Dinner. Francis Cardinal Spellman spent nearly ten minutes introducing him, and "Happy" Rockefeller was one of the many paying him court. In fact, everywhere the royal



HAPPY, SPELLMAN & UMBERTO

When an ex-King was treated like a king.

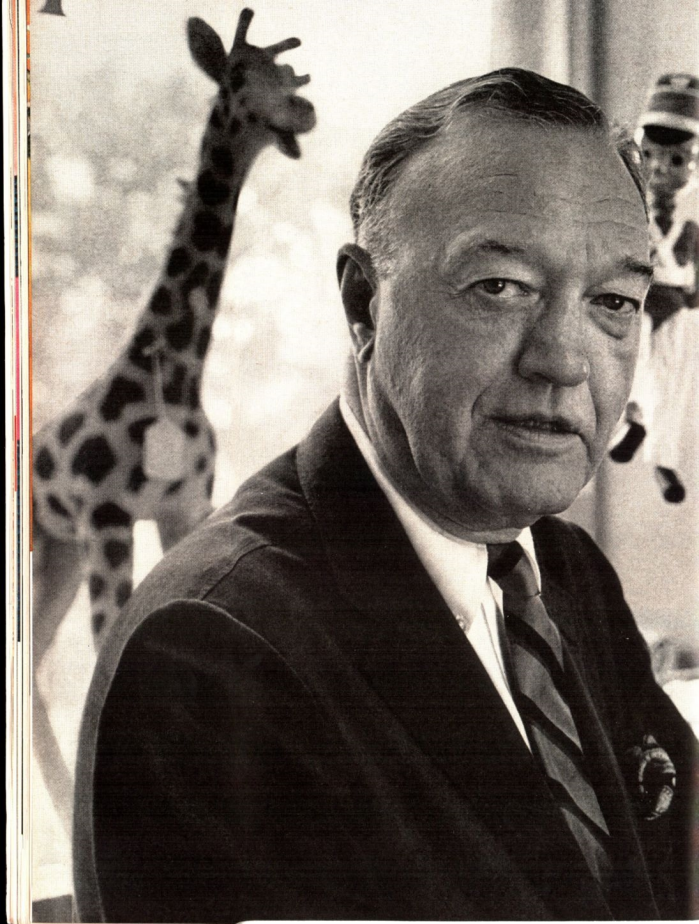
tourist went he was treated like a king. He was flown in and out for a private visit with Ike at Gettysburg. Jim Farley and other New York types took turns feting him nightly, and Boston, his next stop, eagerly awaited its turn. As for Umberto, he was just pleased to be in the country that "has been enriched by millions of emigrants from every land and nation who, working together, helped to achieve the 20th century miracle which is the United States of America."

A minor heart murmur discovered during a routine physical last November led the Air Force to ground Major "Duke" **Slayton**, 39, in the midst of his work as a Mercury astronaut. The grounding was to be reviewed a year later, when a permanent decision would be made. But Slayton isn't waiting until the year is up. Afraid that he would fail the rigorous flight physical, he announced his resignation after 21 years in the Air Force. As soon as it becomes effective, Slayton will rejoin the NASA space program as a civilian pilot. In that category he will be allowed on orbital missions as a member of a two- or three-man crew.

Ill lay: South Dakota Republican Senator **Karl Mundt**, 63, in Bethesda Naval Hospital, Md., after "routine" surgical removal of a cataract in his right eye; oft-ailing New York Yankees superstar **Mickey Mantle**, 32, in Manhattan's Lenox Hill Hospital, after surgery to remove the external cartilage in his left knee; **Sophia Loren**, 29, in a Milan hotel after treatment for a throat abscess; **Lady Churchill**, 78, "for rest and investigation" in London's Westminster Hospital, where Husband **Winston**, 88, was wheelchaired in for a one-hour bedside visit, without his usual cigar.



ROTZ, MRS. PAYSON & ARCARO  
What's a girl to do?



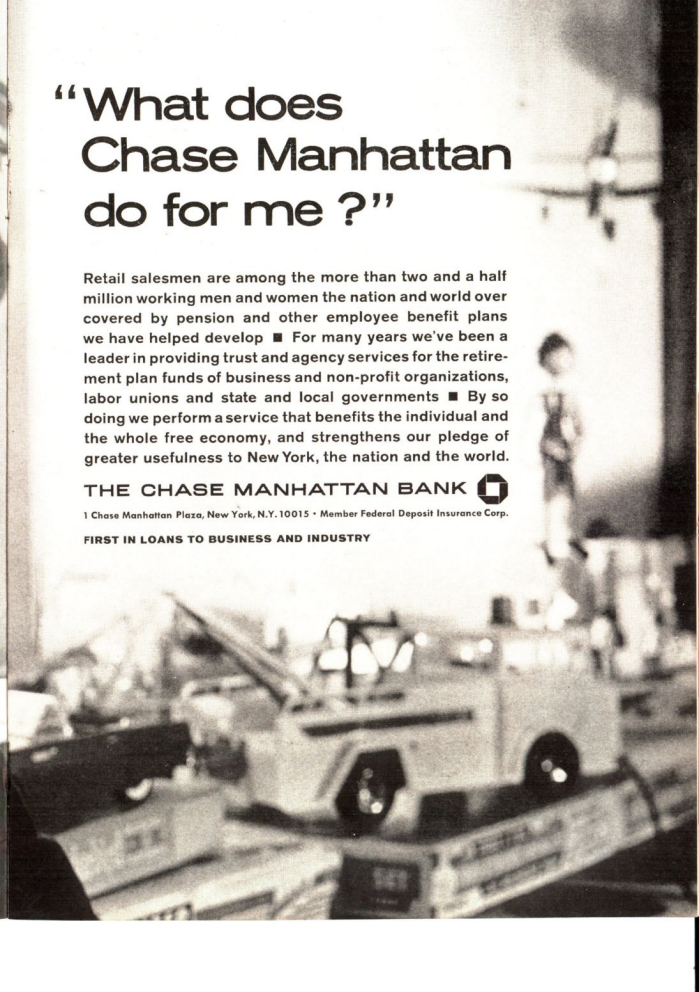
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# THE PRESS

## NEWSPAPERS

### Shattered Mirror

When newspapers die, they die suddenly. The death of the New York Mirror last week was no exception. The paper passed so swiftly into oblivion that even its own staff was taken by surprise, and the last issue was trapped forever in a host of minor ironies. On page 6, a series on Frank Sinatra promised another installment; on page 31, readers were asked, as usual, to send questions to the Mirror's "You Said It!" column and were offered the customary \$10 reward. Only in a black-bordered announcement on page 2, under the heading **MIRROR CEASES PUBLICATION**, were readers told

freewheeling editor, Emile Gauvreau,\* to implement the pledge of "90% entertainment and 10% news." Gauvreau accumulated circulation "by pushing into the back of my mind all that I had learned about the value of constructive news" and by studying the techniques of the News. The Mirror continued to reflect a rash of stunts calculated to hook the reader: Yo-Yo contests, picture puzzles, yards of crime coverage in an era when New York streets rang with the din of gang wars. By 1932, Mirror circulation passed 500,000. But the News passed 1,000,000.

"Paper with a Heart." About all that kept the Mirror going was its proprietor's reluctance to part with any of his prop-

er he dropped money-losing papers in Chicago, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Boston, Los Angeles and Milwaukee; he also sold Hearst's International News Service to United Press. Earlier this year, he put to death Hearst's unprofitable Sunday supplement, the *American Weekly*. "Personally," said Berlin, "I would sell anything but the wife and children if the proper price were offered."

**Fickle Readership.** What probably spared the Mirror so long was that Berlin could not get the proper price. Several years ago the paper was offered to Publisher Samuel Newhouse, whose appetite for new "properties," as he calls them, is inexhaustible. Newhouse would not even bid on a paper that was losing \$2,000,000 a year. The Mirror simply had nothing to sell that others were not

Illustrated Daily News



FIRST NEWS



BRISBANE



EARLY GRAPHIC



McCABE



FIRST MIRROR

In 39 years, the copy never could catch up to the original.

that the morning tabloid was no more.

The Mirror's considerable audience must have wondered why a paper with a circulation of 835,000 daily and 1,000,000 Sunday could not have survived. After all, it was the second biggest daily in the U.S., topped only by Manhattan's other morning tabloid, the New York Daily News (1,915,000 daily, 2,000,000 Sunday). But in that very placement—the News first, the Mirror a laggard second—lay part of the reason for the Mirror's death. For all of its 39 years the Mirror sought to copy the front runner, an ambition it was totally unequipped to achieve.

**A Plague of Yo-Yos.** On June 24, 1924, the Mirror reached the Manhattan scene almost as abruptly as it was destined to fade. "Can you start a new tabloid in ten days?" asked Arthur Brisbane, who was William Randolph Hearst's chief editorial lieutenant. "Nine," replied Walter Howey, who was to be the Mirror's new editor. He was nearly as good as his word. From seed, the Mirror bloomed in two weeks. It was a frank imitation of Captain Joseph Patterson's five-year-old Daily News, the U.S.'s first successful tabloid. But hardly had one copycat arisen when there was another: Bernarr Macfadden's Evening Graphic, a meretricious tabloid compounded of "composographs"—faked photographs, mostly of undraped women—and juicy crime.

Hearst's Mirror hired the Graphic's

erties. "Pop held on to some real dogs," said William Randolph Hearst Jr. recently. The Mirror was one of those dogs, and although the Chief knew it, he did not seem to care. "Dear Arthur," he wrote in a now-famous memo to Arthur Brisbane, who was then the Mirror's publisher: "You are now getting out the worst newspaper in the U.S."

Brisbane had been called in to shore up the Mirror, which was losing ground steadily in its race with the News. But he failed, and was succeeded in 1935 by Charles B. McCabe, then 36, who stayed on as publisher until the paper's death. McCabe did all a publisher could to polish the Mirror's public image, redesignated it "the paper with a heart," sponsored numerous community activities. Its pages, already crowded with lively columnists—Walter Winchell and Dan Parker, got more of the same. McCabe also stitched in some new comics and features beamed at the juvenile set. That helped some, but not enough.

The death of the Chief in 1951 spelled the Mirror's ultimate doom. Control of Hearst's empire passed to unsentimental custodians. Tallest of these was Richard E. Berlin, president (since 1940) of the Hearst Corp. and one-time Hearst ad salesman. In 1956 Berlin began hacking away at the Hearst chain with both hands. By sale or merg-

selling better. TV had usurped its entertainment function. And even sex, that once dependable tabloid ware, was not so marketable any more. Contemporary fiction and the new girlie magazines did the job more clinically than any newspaper could hope to. Besides, the newspaper reader had outgrown the Mirror. He wanted news.

To a fatal degree, the Mirror had become a copy that was nowhere as good as the original. Even its circulation was a dangerous overlap of the News's. A 1961 survey, conducted by an independent Manhattan research company for the Daily News, showed that seven out of ten Mirror readers also read the News on weekdays—and nearly nine out of ten on Sunday. Such duplicate readership is fickle, as New York's 114-day newspaper strike proved when it ended last April. Almost at once, Mirror circulation dropped by 85,000—the suspicion was that the defectors were readers who had found they could do without the other morning tabloid.\* Advertisers seemed to feel the same way: the Mirror's ad lineage, chronically low, fell lower.

**All but Canyon.** Unable to catch up to the News, the Mirror was finally forced to sell out to it. For a reported

\* Without Gauvreau the Graphic lost steam and expired in 1932.

\* The Mirror was not alone in suffering a post-strike decline. Other announced circulation losses: the Times, 78,000; the News, 140,000; the World-Telegram, 69,000.



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The Firestone Town & Country Tire (illustrated) also carries a Guarantee for the life of the original tread against defects in workmanship and materials **PLUS** an 18-month (21-month for Nylon) Guarantee against road hazards with replacements prorated on tread wear and based on the Firestone price current at time of adjustment and honored by 60,000 Firestone Dealers and Stores in the United States and Canada.

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California  
Dry Sherry

\$10 million, the News took over what the Mirror described in its own obituary as "the name, good will and other intangible and physical assets." This boiled down to little more than the Mirror's antiquated plants and equipment and all the Mirror's comic strips but *Steve Canyon*. Along with the Mirror's flesh-and-blood columnists—Winchell, Drew Pearson, Victor Riesel, Dear Abby, etc.—*Canyon* was switched to Hearst's other New York daily, the evening *Journal-American*.

Other tangible assets—the Mirror's 1,600 employees—began looking for jobs, helped along by a hastily improvised Hearst placement bureau and a pledge of \$3,350,000 in severance pay and other benefits. They were not likely to find work along Hearst's diminishing chain, down to ten papers from a high of 26. Nor did the city's six surviving dailies, still licking their strike wounds, stand in sore need of new hands.

**Up, not Down.** By week's end the Mirror had vanished with scarcely a trace. Some of the other New York dailies hustled excitedly in pursuit of the departed paper's readership; the *Journal-American*, for example, rushed out with a new 7 p.m. edition designed to compete with the first editions of the morning press. It was an elusive quest. The News jumped its press run by 400,000—which turned out to be rather more than was needed to accommodate potential transfers.

As usual, the last sounds over the Mirror's grave came from the moaners, among them former Vice President Richard M. Nixon, who pronounced the death of the Mirror "a great tragedy." White House Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, a former newsman himself (the *San Francisco Chronicle*), invited U.S. newspapers to search their souls, by the light of the Mirror's wake, if they wanted to survive. But such lamentation overlooked an important point. The census of U.S. dailies is up, not down; from 1,749 papers at the end of World War II to 1,760 today—and the combined circulation has more than paced the nation's growth by rising in the same period from 48 million to almost 60 million.

## COLUMNISTS

### Yesterday's Globe-Trotter

In 1936, a Scripps-Howard reporter named Herbert Roslyn Ekins won a race around the world on commercial aircraft by finishing his trip in a little more than 18 days. For that uncomplicated era his was a respectable feat; by rights it should have earned Ekins permanent registry in journalism's memory book. But when "Bud" Ekins died last week at 62, and his death was engraved on obituary pages from coast to coast, it reminded most readers, who had long forgotten him, of one of his competitors whom he beat back to New York by a comfortable six days. Her name was Dorothy Kilgallen.

Once Dorothy got into the act, Ekins

and the other reporter involved, the New York Times's Leo Kieran, never really had a chance. Just like a woman, Dorothy came in late. Ekins and Kieran had already booked passage to Frankfurt on the Zeppelin *Hindenburg's* last flight that year when Dorothy decided to join them. She was then a 23-year-old crime reporter for Hearst's New York Evening Journal, and she had never reached an altitude more dizzying than Brooklyn's Prospect Park, near her home. "Oh, golly, to go around the world!" she said to Journal City Editor Amster Spiro, who saw the possibilities. He gave her \$2,000 in cash and told her to take off on the assignment.

**Swell!** The Journal shed manly tears at her departure—"Against the well-planned schedules of her rivals, Dorothy has only her wits and the brave heart that beats under her trim little jacket"—and proudly published the note that came fluttering down from the *Hindenburg's* gondola in Lakehurst, N.J.: "Goodbye, America. I'll be right back." In Frankfurt 58 hours later, Dorothy was given a royal welcome by Nazi General Franz von Epp, Governor General of Bavaria, who called himself her "godfather in Germany" and suggested another date. But Dorothy pressed on.

Beneath her black patent-leather opera pumps, the world unreeled at a giddy 100-m.p.h. pace. Her dispatches home, most of them decorated by the Journal with three-column glamour portraits of the author, were breathless with excitement and punctuated largely by exclamation marks: "Rome looked swell in the late twilight!" "Those Italian military uniforms are wonderful!" "I loved Italy, but Greece takes the cake for magnificent beauty!" "The Near East reeks with romance!" "Just think—tomorrow I'll breakfast in Basra, lunch in Bahrain and have my dinner at Sharjah!"

The traveler from Brooklyn did not lose her head entirely over such exotic enchantments. The Rhine, "for all its pretty white houses and for all its musty castles, can't touch the Hudson!" She met six sheiks but was unimpressed. "I prefer a nice Yale man." Sightseeing in Alexandria was on the dull side: "If anybody at a party ever asks me if I've seen a catamount I can say yes, but that's about all I got out of the experience."

**What Have I Done?** Four three newsmen were heading for an Oct. 16 rendezvous in Manila, a date that coincided with the inaugural passenger flight of Pan American's *China Clipper* to the U.S. But Scripps-Howard's Ekins, sneaking into town first, talked his way aboard a test run and got safely home while Kilgallen and Kieran were still in Manila.

But Bud Ekins' victory could not tarnish the luster of the also-ran. The Hearst papers sent a covey of reporters west to greet Dorothy, among them her father, James Kilgallen. Everybody wept. "Waiting, waiting," sobbed Hearst's Bob Sister Elsie Robinson in print:

"What's the big idea—I'm not supposed to cry, just because I'm a newspaper woman . . . So, as I was saying—there came the *Clipper* and there came Dorothy—who looks, as I've said plenty of times before, exactly like Minnie Mouse."

"She set out to do what a man could do and, at 23, she did it," exulted the Journal. "The stories of her flight came to the EVENING JOURNAL and in none of them was there anything except a jest at the unseen one who traveled with her and who always laughs last. Men call him Death." At a city hall reception, Dorothy bent to kiss New York Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, and then dashed off several reprises of her trip. "Well, what have I done?" she asked her readers. "I'm the first woman to have flown around the world. I circum-



KILGALLEN & EKINS (1936)

Oh yes, there was that man who won.

navigated the globe in 24 days, twelve hours and 51 minutes. This is almost three times as fast as Nellie Bly. "It's been a thrill!" Then she added: "I find to my surprise that I'm somewhat of a celebrity. It's not going to little Dorothy's head, however."

The grateful Journal doubled her salary to \$100 a week and sent her off for three months in Hollywood, a celebrity among celebrities. "It was the turning point of my life," says Dorothy today. And so it was. In 1938, on the death of O. O. McIntyre, the Journal's Broadway columnist, the paper passed over a field of eager contenders to bestow McIntyre's mantle on the little girl from Brooklyn who had talked her way around the world, Bud Ekins, by then, was roving the Far East for U.P. When he died last week he was editor-publisher of the Schenectady, N.Y., Union-Star.

\* A New York World reporter, who in 1889 completed the trip in 72 days, 6 hr. and 11 min. to beat the fanciful record of Phileas Fogg, hero of Jules Verne's *Around the World in 80 Days*.

## THE LAW

### THE CONSTITUTION

#### Room for Objections & Doubts

Few rulings ever handed down by the U.S. Supreme Court stirred more controversy than the 1962 and 1963 decisions banning religious observances in public schools. Beyond the questions of constitutional law lay deep emotions, and the court could have foreseen that its opinions would reverberate in public argument, that its decisions would echo

the professors in Chicago took issue with the court.

Columbia's Professor Harry W. Jones maintained that it takes a stretching of history to apply the First Amendment ban on "establishment" to state actions. At the time the Bill of Rights was ratified, several states had established churches, and one purpose of the "establishment clause," as lawyers call it, was "to prohibit the Federal Government from interfering with existing church-state arrangements in the states." Jones pointed out that the wording—"no law respecting an establishment of religion"—would apply "as clearly to a congressional statute interfering with existing state establishments as to a congressional statute establishing a national church."

**Unsound Doctrine.** All constitutional authorities agree that some parts of the Bill of Rights do apply to state actions. The constitutional conduit linking the Bill of Rights with the states is the 14th Amendment provision that no state may "deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law." This formula clearly bars a state from, say, passing a law that abridges freedom of speech. But does it also bar "an establishment of religion" by a state? Yes, said the Supreme Court. No, said some of the experts at Chicago—at least not to the broad extent assumed in the Supreme Court decisions. For a Bill of Rights provision to be unmistakably applicable to state actions, "life, liberty or property" must in some way be involved. The school-prayer and Bible-reading cases were concerned with neither life nor property. That left only liberty.

But the Supreme Court decisions were not based on any finding that schoolchildren had been deprived of liberty. Lawyers for the suing parents had indeed contended that the children were under subtle social pressures to participate in prescribed religious exercises in their schools, and that these pressures impaired liberty. But that line of argument did not make much impression on the court. In effect, the court held that any required religious exercise in a public school is unconstitutional—whether or not liberty is infringed. In last June's Bible-reading case, Associate Justice Tom Clark's majority opinion made the point explicit. A suit against "an establishment of religion" by a state, said Clark, does not require any proof that "particular religious freedoms are infringed."

That doctrine is "flagrantly unsound," said the University of Chicago's Professor Kenneth Culp Davis. "The only way a state can violate the establishment clause," he said, "is by depriving a person of liberty." The University of Pennsylvania's Dean Jefferson B. Fordham was disturbed about the same point. Justice Clark's opinion, he said,

failed to explain how religious exercises could be unconstitutional "without any element of compulsion."

With eminent authorities still questioning the court's stand, the unconstitutionality of religious exercises in public schools can hardly be regarded as settled once and for all. The vitality of the argument is an eloquent reminder that from time to time even the Supreme Court finds reasons to reverse or revise its own decisions.

### STATUTES

#### Blue Sunday

One area of church-state relations virtually avoided by the Chicago conferees was the field of blue laws. And no wonder: it is one of the prickliest brier patches in U.S. law.

Blue laws\* are relics of a time when church and state seemed inextricably intertwined. They survive through the same sort of legislative inertia that preserves the numerous city ordinances against kite flying—a pastime once feared as a sure horse-frightener.

Today every state of the Union except Alaska has some sort of never-on-Sunday law on the books. They range from prohibitions directed at a single activity—boxing in California, barbering in Oregon—to broad bans on industry and commerce. Several states, including Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Texas, Vermont and Virginia, have

\* Why they are called blue is a matter of dispute among scholars. Some say the laws got their name because the 17th century Puritans adopted blue as their emblematic color. Others maintain it was because early New England blue laws were bound in blue or printed on blue paper.



ARTHUR SIEGEL  
PROFESSOR JONES  
A stretch by the court.

through press and pulpit. It was to be expected that the court would strive to make its opinions as airtight as possible, both in law and logic. Instead, the opinions left room for many a doubt and reservation—by clergymen, by parents, and by constitutional lawyers.

Last week, in papers delivered at a conference on Religious Freedom and Public Affairs at the University of Chicago Law School, three constitutional law experts from three different law schools raised objections to the rulings. The misgivings were all the more impressive because the organization that sponsored the gathering, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, had never expressed any opposition to the court's decisions.

**Battle-Scarred Question.** The Supreme Court based its decisions on the very first provision of the First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." Required prayers or Bible readings in public schools, the court held, amount to an "establishment." Since the schools concerned in the cases were not operated by the Federal Government, the decisions involved the old constitutional argument of how far the Bill of Rights, which originally applied only to federal actions, carries over to the states. It was on this battle-scarred question that



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# MASSAGIC

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toughened their Sunday statutes within the past few years, and only last week the Supreme Court refused to hear an Ohio merchant's case challenging that state's blue laws.

**Illegal Tricycles.** What has faded away over the generations is the old religious motivation behind the laws. Only a minority of U.S. Christians today would argue that blue laws serve any purpose valuable enough to justify imposing them on non-Christians. There is not even any clear theological reason, much less a legal one, for insisting that Sunday be an official day of rest. It was on the seventh day, according to the Old Testament, that the Lord rested from the labors of Creation. Nevertheless, Sunday has been the state-decreed day of rest in Christendom ever since A.D. 321, when the Emperor Constantine, a convert to Christianity, decreed that citizens "shall rest upon the venerable day of the sun."

With that same decree, though, Constantine set a pattern for future blue laws: he made an exception. He said that farm people might work on Sunday to take advantage of fair weather. Ever since, every blue law seems inevitably to have picked up similar variations. In the U.S., state legislatures have repeatedly yielded to various business groups that wanted to be exempted from Sunday closing. As a result U.S. blue laws are riddled with erratic contradictions. In Pennsylvania it is legal to sell a bicycle on Sunday, but not a tricycle; in Massachusetts it is against the law to dredge for oysters, but not to dig for clams; in Connecticut genuine antiques may lawfully be sold, but not reproductions. The New York blue law code is particularly messy. Bars may open at 1 p.m., but baseball games may not begin until 2 p.m. It is legal to sell fruits but not vegetables, an automobile tire but not a tire jack, tobacco but not a pipe. It is unlawful to sell butter or cooked meat after 10 a.m., except that delicatessens may sell these foods between 4 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.

**Flabby Argument.** It is all so confusing that even the U.S. Supreme Court gets lost in the tangle. Only two years ago, Chief Justice Earl Warren, writing for the majority, said in effect that blue laws would violate the First Amendment only if their essential purpose were to aid religion, but nowadays "most of them, at least, are of a secular rather than a religious character." Sunday, said Warren, has come to be "a time for family activity, for late sleeping, for passive and active entertainments, for dining out and the like." Seldom has an issue of liberty been argued on flabbier grounds.

In upholding blue laws, the Supreme Court conceded that they do inflict hardship upon the Orthodox Jewish storekeeper, prohibited by his religion from doing business on Saturday. In an effort to relieve that special hardship, New York City has just passed a new ordinance permitting a merchant to sell

"any property" on Sunday if he "keeps another day of the week as holy time." But many a New York City storekeeper has long stayed open on both Saturday and Sunday, anyway, reluctantly paying an occasional \$5 fine when a policeman checks on his trespasses.

It is almost as if Supreme Court justices and laymen alike are responding to the letter of blue laws living on, even, although their spirit has long been dead. New York State Supreme Court Justice William J. Gaynor spoke for the majority of the citizens in 1911 when he rebuked the police for trying to enforce "dead-letter laws" not supported by the public. "It is not the business of the police to revive them," he said. "They are not employed and paid by the citizens for any such purpose."



SENATOR DIRKSEN & ILLEGAL CONES  
Now about those sheep on the avenue

## Catching Up with the Times

Almost every U.S. city has on its books a clutter of old, obscure laws that are hardly ever enforced. In Washington, D.C., for example, it is illegal to sell an ice-cream cone. A law to the effect was passed by Congress in 1921 and signed by Woodrow Wilson on his last full day in office as President of the U.S. Designed to protect the public against spoilage, the law makes it a misdemeanor to sell ice cream in Washington except in easily cited standard units—half pints, pints, quarts and up.

Last week the House of Representatives finally acknowledged modern refrigeration and amended the old ice-cream-cone law. The Senate is expected to go along. Crowded Virginia's Republican Congressman Joel T. Broyhill, one of the backers of the bill: "A progressive step." If Congress continues to catch up with the times, it may someday dispense with the District of Columbia's laws that still prohibit driving sheep down Pennsylvania Avenue and forbid winning more than \$26.67 in gambling game.



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# MEDICINE

## SURGERY

### Transplant Progress: More Bold Advances

In the dawning age of the surgical transplant, there seems to be no end to the variety of daring and delicate feats that surgeons are willing to try in the hope of saving patients who would otherwise be doomed by the failure of a vital organ.

A young Colorado mother was getting along well last week although her liver had been replaced by one taken from a dead man. A boy of twelve was living a normal life in his Pueblo, Colo., home with his mother's spleen inside him, while his mother went about her chores with no spleen at all. A couple of lung transplants have been tried, and though the patients died, there will soon be others.

**Two from a Monkey.** Today, at least two score Americans are going about their business kept alive and active by kidneys transplanted from other people. Some of the donors were living at the time of the operation, some were dead; some were close kin, some unrelated. In Denver, Royal Jones, 12, went blind for a while because of kidney disease but is now well enough to play ball, thanks to a transplant last November from his mother. Another Denver patient, Jerry Will Ruth, 24, got a kidney from Brother Billy, 22; he pumps gas and greases cars, declares, "I feel as good as I ever felt in my life."

The youngest patient ever to receive a kidney transplant was operated on recently in a Manhattan hospital: not



ROYAL JONES

GINN & TERRY



DENVER SURGEONS MAKING KIDNEY TRANSPLANT



JEANINE GOODFELLOW  
Used parts for new life.



JERRY RUTH

yet two years old, the little white boy had a kidney transplanted from a Negro boy of 13, who died of a brain tumor. A man in Virginia whose body sloughed off one kidney transplant was making medical history by apparently accepting a second. These were all "homotransplants" (between two humans). But in New Orleans, a woman for whom no donor could be found in time, had a pair of monkey kidneys implanted in her groin. This was the first significant "heterotransplant" (between different species), important even though it finally failed and the patient went back on the artificial kidney.

No less ingenious are "autotransplants" of a patient's organs to a different part of his own body. Kidneys have been thus transplanted at the University of Mississippi Medical Center so that they might continue working although the tube that connected them to the bladder had been damaged by disease or injury. Parts of the adrenal glands that beside the kidneys have been moved to the thigh to facilitate continued treatment without repeated major operations.

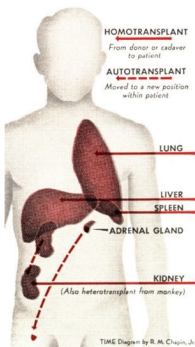
**Precise Timing.** The latest liver surgery in Denver involved the deathwatch and precise timing that are a common feature of homotransplants. Housewife Jeanine Goodfellow, 29, of Arvada, arrived at the University of Colorado Medical Center in September with cancer of the liver so advanced that her only real hope of life lay in taking the long chance of becoming the first human being to survive with a transplanted liver.

Across the street at Denver's VA

Hospital, a man was admitted for accidental gunshot wounds, and when it became clear that he could not survive, relatives gave permission for the use of his liver in a transplant. As the prospective donor's life ebbed, Surgeon Thomas E. Starzl opened Mrs. Goodfellow's abdomen to get her ready for a quick transplant. This operation took ten hours. Her liver was so enlarged by disease that instead of a normal 4 lbs. it weighed closer to 20 lbs. Dr. Starzl left his patient anesthetized, with her liver "just sitting there" until it was time for the final cuts to remove it.

Within minutes after the donor died, Ralph Huntley, a mechanical engineer who has switched to biophysics, began cooling the body "from the inside out" by perfusing it with chilled saline solution. He kept this up while Surgeon Thomas Marchioro cut out the liver. Dr. Starzl cut out Mrs. Goodfellow's diseased liver at almost the same moment as its replacement arrived in a chilled, sterile container. Then Dr. Starzl stitched the newly arrived liver in, connecting its blood vessels to their counterparts in Mrs. Goodfellow's body. This part of the operation took 164 minutes.

For days, Mrs. Goodfellow was kept in sterile isolation: the danger of infection had increased enormously because Mrs. Goodfellow's defenses against it had been weakened by the immunosuppressive drugs, Imuran and prednisone, that the doctors had given her to increase the likelihood that the liver graft would "take" instead of being rejected. Last week she was well enough to take a ride outside the hospital, but



TIME Diagram by R. M. Chapin, Jr.



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the crucial time, determining whether her system will accept or reject her grafted liver, is not likely to come until early in November.

Dr. Starzl's Denver team also performed the spleen transplant between mother and son. The boy, Richard Hill, suffered from a shortage of gamma globulin in his blood, leaving him virtually defenseless against infectious diseases. This shortage arose largely from the failure of his spleen to produce enough of the antibodies that make up an important fraction of gamma globulin. The boy's mother, Mrs. Jacqueline Carver, had a good supply of gamma globulin, and her lymphatic system would maintain it. She could get along without her spleen far better than her son. The operations were performed in June, and the boy has been getting doses of Imuran in hopes of subduing his body's reactions against "foreign" tissue, from even so close a relative as his mother. "It will be six months or so before we know whether the transplant is working," says Dr. Starzl.

**Second Chance.** So alert and powerful are the body's defenses against invasion by proteins from any other body, human or animal (except an identical twin), that some transplant researchers believe donor and recipient should be "look-alikes." An eloquent exception to that argument is a long-surviving kidney transplant, now more than a year old, from a fatally injured Negro to a white man.

Usually even more abrupt than the body's rejection of a first graft is its rejection of a second, even from a different donor. Surgeon David Hume of the Medical College of Virginia has just reported a notable exception to that rule. James Connor, 37, got a kidney transplant from his brother-in-law. It worked well for two months, then was rejected and had to be removed. For 40 days, Connor was kept alive on an artificial kidney. Then a cadaver kidney became available, and Dr. Hume tried a second transplant. Surprisingly, it has worked for three months and shows no signs of being rejected.

The New Orleans housewife whose own kidneys were not working because of long-standing infection was unlucky in that the eleven-doctor team at Tulane University could find no suitable human donor to help her. Despite generous use of an artificial kidney, her condition was getting worse. The patient was fortunate, though, in that Tulane has a special interest in the subhuman primates—apes and monkeys—and has its own collection of them. When there seemed to be no other alternative, the doctors decided to put a pair of monkey kidneys in the woman's right groin.

Dr. Keith Reemtsma and his colleagues picked a 25-lb. rhesus monkey. The doctors knew that a monkey's kidneys work in almost exactly the same way as a man's, filtering out virtually the same poisonous wastes from the blood.

When Dr. Reemtsma had his patient



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nearly ready, other doctors across the street in the Tulane University School of Medicine anesthetized the monkey, removed its kidneys, and flushed all the blood out of them with salt solution. (An overdose of anesthetic then killed the monkey humanely.) Dr. Reemtsma implanted the two kidneys in the woman's groin. He joined the arteries and veins of both kidneys to major branches of the woman's aorta and inferior vena cava. The ureters were attached to her bladder. After the monkey kidneys failed, the surgeons still hoped to replace them with a single human kidney installed at the same site if a suitable donor could be found.

## RESEARCH

### Two Wets & a Dry

Among the many mysteries of life, none is more baffling than the mechanism by which impulses from the brain are transmitted along nerve fibers and eventually to muscles, so that thought is translated into action. Some researchers have concentrated on the chemical aspects of the mechanism, and, because they work with aqueous solutions, they are known in their own esoteric circle as "wets." Those who work with electrical circuitry are the "drys." Neither group has yet been able to offer a complete explanation of nerve-impulse transmission, though each seems to have dug out part of the truth.

Last week, Stockholm's Royal Caroline Institute played it both ways and decided to award the 1963 Nobel Prize for physiology and medicine (worth \$51,000) to two wets and a dry:

► Alan Lloyd Hodgkin, 49, research professor of Britain's Royal Society, who works at Cambridge, and Andrew Fielding Huxley, 45, of London's University College, the wets, have worked together in detailed study of the giant nerve cells of squid.

► Sir John Carew Eccles, 60, professor of physiology at Australia's National University at Canberra, the dry, used microelectrodes so tiny that they can be inserted into single nerve cells.

The wets and the dry had not done any research together, but Eccles modestly explained: "My work grows out of theirs."

## CANCER

### No More Tests for Krebiozen

While chemists were concluding that the controversial cancer drug Krebiozen is nothing but the common body chemical, creatine, a committee of 24 medical experts was checking the histories of 504 patients who were said to have benefited from the drug. Last week the committee reported unanimously that Krebiozen is ineffective. The National Cancer Institute said there will be no government-sponsored trial of Krebiozen—the case is closed.

\* Half-brother of Novelist Aldous and Biologist Sir Julian Huxley.



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## SHOW BUSINESS

### HOLLYWOOD

#### Fish Don't Applaud

In World War VI, when the spears and flaming arrows of neoprimitive nations start flying back and forth, Bob Hope will be up there near the front lines, entertaining the troops.

Hope is 60. His pace is, if anything, faster than it was when he was 20. As Moo Goo Gai Poo, he will play the ruler of Viet-Poo on TV this week, opposite Martha Raye as Mme. Poo. He is off to Australia next month and is planning a tour of U.S. bases in the Mediterranean area to entertain U.S. soldiers far from home on Christmas Day. Offstage as on, when strangers are around him, he can't stop quipping. "Hey, I'm learning humility," he will say. "I called up my agent today and asked if there was any more room on Mount Rushmore."

Bob Hope actually belongs on some sort of Mount Rushmore, his nose cantilevered on reinforcing rods near Groucho Marx's cigar and Jack Benny's bow. Hope is the longest-running one-line stand-up snap-it-out comedian in the history of show business. His jokes now have more polish than brass, but they keep coming, with energy and perfect timing. He says he'll never quit: "If I retired, I'd be surrounded by about nine psychiatrists. I'm not retiring until they carry me away, and I'll have a few routines on the way to the big divot."

**Like What He Is.** Last summer he hired a yacht for a vacation cruise of Canadian waters. But he was bored. "Fish don't applaud," he explains. Applause is the only income he really cares about. He particularly enjoys it in the form, say, of the medal recently pinned on him by President Kennedy for his countless appearances before U.S. servicemen during and since World War II.

Like few other comedians, he can function as master of ceremonies before a dinner of titans and financiers and never seem to be just a fast-talking gagman rung in for the night. He carries off that sort of thing with an off-hand assurance that suggests he's really one of the big tycoons who just happened to take the podium. Small wonder. That's what he is. If anyone still wonders where the yellow went, Pepsodent's aggressive young comedian of 1938 is now one of the largest individual holders of raw acreage in Southern California. He has thousands of acres in the San Fernando Valley and hundreds in Palm Springs. He owns 42½ of two TV stations in Colorado worth more than \$10 million. He gives away more than \$100,000 a year through The Bob and Dolores Hope Charitable Foundation. He has just given \$300,000 for a new Bob Hope Theater at Southern Methodist University. His golfing partners are people like Richard Nixon, Stuart Symington and Del Webb. He

has successfully managed the transition from dash to dignity, maintaining his status all the while as the No. 1 comic in America.

Writers are his maintenance crew. Hope knows that his own native humor would never have got him out of Cleveland. He once waved a script at his writers and said, "This is all the talent I have, fellows." For it, he pays eight of them more than \$450,000 a year.

numb. Then onstage he bounces on the balls of his feet. His eyes sparkle when the audience laughs. If he hits dull spots, he never takes it out on his writers afterward. Once when an ad agency executive began complaining after a show, Hope told him: "Look, if you've got any ideas, go home and write them. If they're any good, we'll hire you. Otherwise, keep out."

**Bounce & Glitter.** He looks 45, and, in the words of one of his writers, "he thinks he is 19." He diets, drinks very little, and doesn't smoke at all. Advance-



BOB HOPE AS THE RULER OF VIET-POO (WITH MARTHA RAYE)

Look where the yellow went.

Thus each Hope joke is worth roughly the cost of a natural pearl.

**Shuffling Jokes.** Leslie Townes Hope was born in England, and his family moved to the U.S. when he was four. He was one of seven sons of a possessive mother who had all the boys competing with one another for her affections, the winner being the one who got to go into downtown Cleveland with her on Saturdays. Something like this lingers on in Hope's relationships with his writers. He watches over them as if they were children. He always knows where they are. No retreat in New York, Europe or the Far East is so secluded that Hope can't track down one of his writers who happens to be hiding there. And he always has a favorite.

Just before a performance, Hope changes his tie, keeps shuffling and changing jokes, and squeezes his chief writer's arm until the man's fingers turn

ing age frigh'tens him. So he seldom stops to think about it, zipping around golf courses or around the world, giving the winged chariot a run for its money. This has made him a transient in his own home. He jokes that the towels in his bathroom say **HERS AND WELCOME STRANGER**. His wife spends most of her time working for Catholic charities. They have four children. The oldest, Anthony, is a student at Harvard Law.

Gradually, over the years, whatever there was of the man behind the image of Bob Hope has disappeared. Hope has always insisted that the brittle, wisecracking, naive, play-it-loose, quick-lipped, harmlessly leering joker—the fellow who has been delivering all those after-dinner gags all these years—is the real Bob Hope. The audience before him is a blank wall, against which Hope tosses jokes that bounce and glitter for a second, then are forgotten. He has

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never wanted to go deeper, into his audience or into himself, and he hasn't.

**No Deeper.** "Deep down inside, there is no Bob Hope," says one of his friends. "He's been playing Bob Hope for so long that everything else has been burned out of him. The man has become his image."

His image is so much more than an image that it is in many ways an example. He is never bitter, as Mort Sahl or even Jack Benny can be. His wisecracking toys with the limits of tact and taste but never crosses the line. He won't knock other stars, and he won't listen to gossip. He is loyal to old retainers, some of whom have been hanging around him since vaudeville days. He is a kind of universal uncle, likable and humane. Everywhere, that is, but on a golf course. There he is an amiable, hard-eyed, all-American savage. You can wait until snow forms on your head before he will give you a putt.

## TELEVISION

### No One Dodges Lisa

When NBC and CBS finally get around to starring women on their hard news shows, they will find competition already waiting for them. This fall 37-year-old Lisa Howard has become television's first and only woman with her own network news program. It is short (five minutes) and in housewives' time (2:55 p.m.), but it is all Lisa's.

Lisa has achieved this distinction by scrambling harder than six monkeys peeling the same banana. One night last week, she taped interviews with 1) Adlai Stevenson, 2) the suddenly unemployed employees at the New York Mirror, and 3) Dr. Benjamin Spock—all within three hours, dragging mobile cameramen behind her by their sagging tongues. Next day she trapped the Russian Cosmonauts under the stars at Hayden Planetarium.

This is the sort of thing she has long been famous for among TV and radio reporters. Political leaders, domestic and foreign, have learned that there is no dodging Lisa Howard. Once when Nelson Rockefeller was seeing absolutely no one from the press, Lisa caught him coming out of a conference room. Rocky saw her and dived down a staircase. Lisa, outweighed but more nimble, sprinted downstairs, too, planted herself in front of him and got her interview.

**Fidel Fell.** When Mme. Nhu arrived in the U.S., ABC was first with a TV interview with her—because Lisa Howard had leaped on a plane and flown to Paris to talk to her there, getting the jump on reporters back home. She has a longstanding relationship with Nikita Khrushchev. It began when Khrushchev first came to the U.N. in 1960. Lisa, then working for the Mutual Broadcasting System, hung around the Russian embassy until Khrushchev emerged, batted her eyes at him, and charmed him into agreeing to an interview. Later



HOWARD & RUSSIAN COSMONAUTS  
Outweighed but nimble.

at the U.N., while Khrush was fixing that loose heel on his right shoe, Lisa was talking her way onto the Assembly floor. When the session ended, she cornered Khrushchev. He shrugged, took her downstairs, and taped a recorded interview with her that lasted one hour and 48 minutes. People often shrug and acquiesce when attacked by Lisa; it seems the easiest way out.

Lisa's next target was Fidel Castro. For nearly a year she wrote to him through neutral embassies, slipped a letter to Fidel into the hands of Anastas Mikoyan, and persuaded miscellaneous ministers and ambassadors to ask Castro to see her. Finally her friend Alex Quaison-Sackey, Ghanaian Ambassador to Cuba and the U.N., helped get Lisa a visa. She stayed in Cuba four weeks, kept pelleting Castro with the pleas of her contacts. Castro succumbed, spent eight hours talking privately with her, and recorded a 40-minute interview after that.

**Sex or Sense?** Lisa operates professionally with all the canvassed insensitivity of the trained newshound, but personally she is as sensitive as a gouty toe. She suspects darkly that newsmen want to write her off as a pushy Clairiol blonde who forges forward by making more sex than sense, and because she was once an actress in TV's daytime serial *The Edge of Night*. But she insists that she was a student of politics long before she began to act, cites articles she contributed to liberal magazines like *Progressive World* when she was 22, and notes that she is a longstanding member of the Lexington Democratic Club in Manhattan. She was proposed as a candidate for the New York state legislature in 1960. She is married and has two daughters, one teen-aged.

She will reluctantly admit that being a woman does help at times. When the Shah of Iran visited the U.S., Lisa was the only TV reporter to interview him. "I just walked up to him, took him by the hand, and sat him down on a couch," she reports.

Think what the Shah of Iran might have done if Chet Huntley had tried to take him by the hand.



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# SCIENCE

## NUCLEAR TESTS

### Sentries in Orbit

The rocket pads at Cape Canaveral have been comparatively quiet for months. Only an occasional missile roars aloft, and to jaded Florida bird watchers, the Atlas-Agena that lifted off last week was far from novel. But this time the familiar workhorse carried a brand-new payload: its nose was fitted with two icosahedrons (two-sided solid figures) about 4 ft. in diameter. And the angular cargo was destined to play a large part in policing the cold war.

After separating from the Agena second stage, the two odd objects headed for orbits 60,000 miles above the earth. There, well above the Van Allen radiation belt, they will act as the outermost sentries of the U.S. nuclear alarm system. If any nation explodes a nuclear test in space, the orbiting icosahedrons should promptly report a violation of the test ban treaty.

Developed by Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory and Space Technology Laboratories, the space sentries are parts of a many-sided program to detect clandestine nuclear tests. One tempting possibility for a nation that has signed a test ban but intends to cheat is to shoot a test device deep into space and observe the results by means of instruments carried on a nearby spacecraft. Since a nuclear explosion in a vacuum gives little visible light, it might well go unnoticed by observers on earth.

But such explosions are far from invisible to eyes designed to see them. Most of their energy goes into X rays that travel unhindered through space and are stopped by the earth's atmosphere. A sensitive X-ray detector above the atmosphere can spot them 200 million miles away, and the satellite sentries launched last week carry twelve

cylindrical X-ray detectors poking out in all directions. Inside the satellites' skins are instruments that will watch for the neutrons and gamma rays that also come from explosions in vacuum.

The first two sentry satellites were rigged to orbit on opposite sides of the earth, thus reducing the probability that the earth will ever be between both of them and a space test. Next year the U.S. intends to put eight more sentries in orbit. While they watch for treaty violations, they will make themselves peacefully useful by reporting bursts of X rays coming from the sun.

## HYDROLOGY

### Ask the Ancients

The kingdom of Jordan is hard at work on a peculiar problem: how to keep tourists from drowning in the desert. Such startling accidents actually do occur. Last spring, when a flash flood from a rare rainstorm roared down the Siq, a vertical-walled cleft that leads to the famous dead city of Petra, a group of French travelers was trapped, and only two out of 26 survived. Jordanian authorities are anxious to keep the tourists coming, though, and the ancient Siq, reputedly opened by Moses with the flick of a magic rod, is the most dramatic approach to Petra. It would scarcely have seemed proper to install modern water-control devices.

Archaeologists came to the rescue. They pointed out that the Nabataeans, who ruled Petra long before the Christian era, were the best hydraulic engineers of antiquity. They, too, suffered from floods racing down the Siq, and they solved the problem in a manner on which modern engineers can hardly improve. In the upper part of the Siq, before it reaches the city, they built a stone dam 45 ft. high and 140 ft. long.

The dam was not designed to hold an entire flood, only to check its water and divert it into a system of guide walls and a tunnel one-quarter mile long cut through a sandstone ridge. The water was finally discharged into the comparatively broad Wadi Mataha and Wadi Musa (Valley of Moses), where it would do no damage.

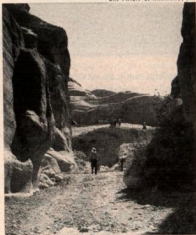
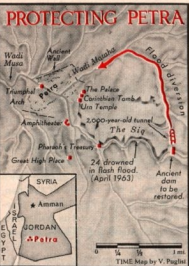
Until recently, the ancient dam was a wreck, but the rest of the extraordinary system is still in good condition. The tunnel needs nothing but cleaning out. Last week repairs were well under way, guided by Engineer Oliver Fulsom of the U.S. Water Control Mission. The dam is rising once more and will eventually look just about as it did 2,000 years ago. No major improvements are contemplated; the ancient Nabataeans had thought of everything.

**Talented Bedouins.** A leading expert on the Nabataeans, Dr. Philip C. Hammond Jr. of Princeton Theological Seminary, is watching this operation with quiet satisfaction. The Nabataeans, he explains, were a wave of Bedouins who swept out of the Arabian Desert about 300 B.C. At first they lived by plunder, with a sideline of piracy on the Red Sea; later they saw the advantages of civilization and proved to be both talented and adaptable. They took the unpromising lands that had fallen to them—the Sinai Peninsula and the dry fringes around Palestine—and made them amazingly fruitful.

Rainfall in most of that region averages only about 5 in. per year, barely enough to support the dustiest desert vegetation. But the Nabataeans learned how to concentrate the rain, leading the water off bare plateaus and making it flow gently down narrow valleys so that it filled cisterns cut in the rock and sank into the fields enclosed in stone walls. Valleys that are now deserted except for wandering Bedouins, once supported strings of villages. The country has never been as thickly inhabited since.

**Pottery Mains.** The Nabataean capital, Petra, is a museum of exceptional hydraulic engineering. Besides the Siq dam and diversion system, it has a spreading network of channels cut into the rock to lead water to the city from distant springs. In one detail the Nabataeans were even ahead of the Romans. Instead of high aqueducts, they used carefully sealed pottery pipes to carry water under pressure, as modern water systems use pipes of metal.

When he hears of visiting engineers searching for water in Nabataean country, Dr. Hammond likes to point out that the tricks of modern geology can be a waste of time. The first step, he believes, should be to look for fragments of Nabataean pottery, which was remarkably thin and strong. It often leads to ruins of buildings in apparently waterless places. "But water is always available," says Dr. Hammond. "The Nabataeans wouldn't have built a town if they couldn't get water for it."



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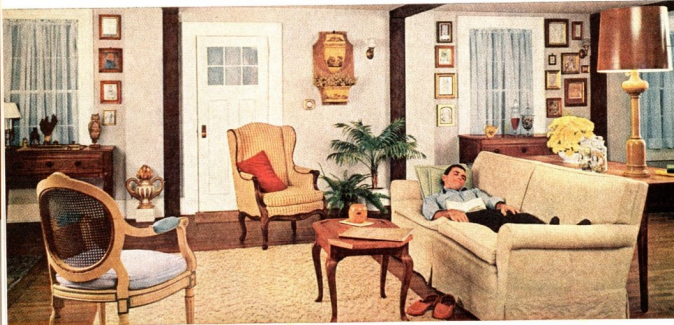


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## THE THEATER

### Day at the End of Night

Corruption in the Palace of Justice, by Ugo Betti, is about that debased fallen being called Man, who, in some unassailable corner of his tarnished soul, yearns for, reflects, and presupposes a radiant otherness called God. Compared to *Justice's* rigorous goading of the individual conscience, such religiously oriented plays as Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, Greene's *The Potting Shed*, MacLeish's *J.B.* and Chayevsky's *Gideon* seem like Communion services for the morally complacent.

The progress of the play is like the scrubbing away of a painting to reveal an underpainting. On the surface, a court of justices in a nameless city and country is being investigated for harboring a "pustule of leprosy." One of the justices has made himself an accomplice of an underworld moneybags, and this leper-judge has infected and diseased the whole process of justice. One clever judge, Cust, steers suspicion toward Vanan, the aging chief of the court. Vanan is innocent; yet he is shattered and acts guilty. As the investigation goes on, Cust analyzes the inner torment and Luciferian guile of the truly guilty party, and does it with such brilliant intuitiveness that the playgoer realizes that it must be Cust.

Vanan's daughter Elena confronts him with a document that clears her father and implicates Cust. She is a girl of inviolable innocence and unearthly faith in her father. In a scene of demonic intensity, Cust destroys and degrades her image of her father. He tells her, in effect, that to live in this world is to be hopelessly corrupted. Elena commits suicide by throwing herself down the elevator shaft. "I've not touched her," mutters Cust, wiping imaginary blood from his hands. But she has touched his anesthetized conscience. Ironically, Cust is appointed to Vanan's post, but the final scene finds him climb-

ing wearily, agonizingly up the stage-rear steps to confess his guilt to the supreme justice of the land.

Betti's underpainting enriches his narrative line with spiritual significance. Just as the man who journeys to the end of the night finds day, so Cust in his single-minded pursuit of evil finds his soul, and in that soul a damning consciousness of his own sin. Just as the world, symbolized by the court, cannot cleanse itself, being innately corrupt, so Cust the sinner cannot save himself. He needs to be redeemed by innocent blood and forgiven through the gratuitous gift of love to the totally unworthy. Elena, the symbol of this grace, performs the dual function of awakening in Cust a conviction of sin and the possibility of salvation.

The late Italian Playwright Betti was obsessed by what he called "the bewildering incongruity that we see between our existence and what it ought to be according to the aspirations of our soul." Kafka was similarly obsessed, but he found the distance between God and Man unbridgeable, while Betti bridged it by daring to revert to orthodox Christian doctrine. Not a play to stir the passions or warm the heart but to disturb the mind and chill the soul, this exceptional off-Broadway production is an intellectual and spiritual jewel in the theater's cardboard crown.

### Disenchanted Evening

Jennie joins *Gypsy* and *Sophie* as another of Broadway's disenchanted evenings devoted to the theme that showbiz is woebiz. The latest musical fictionally disinters the early life and hard times of the late Laurette Taylor on the tank-town circuit, and mopes over her domestic ordeals with an alcoholic, footloose, hot-air impresario of a husband. Amid the encircling gloom, only Mary Martin shines with an inextinguishable light.

The curtain rises on a South Dakota



MARY MARTIN IN A THRENODY  
Too bad.

whistle stop with an acting troupe doing a madcap facsimile of 1906 theater fare called *The Mountie Gets His Man* or *Chang Lu, King of the White Slavers*. With valiant agility and a good dagger-throwing arm, Mary saves her tiny "bay-bee" from a mountain waterfall, a grizzly bear, and the Oriental devil mentioned in the title. End of fun. Hubby (George Wallace) strands the company and deserts his wife and two kids. An English playwright of exquisite diction (Robin Bailey) begins wooing Mary, though his blood seems to be several degrees below room temperature. But she can't wash that ring-finger man right out of her hair, not just yet. Hubby has to burn a theater to a crisp and drunkenly clout his little daughter before his charm begins to evade Mary as thoroughly as it has the playgoer.

The Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz score induces instant amnesia, except for the perky lilt behind the simpleton lyrics of *High Is Better Than Low*. Choreographer Matt Mattox's best dance number, *Sauce Diable*, seems to have crashed the show from some other musical, and Director Vincent J. Donohue's overall pacing is poky.

That leaves Mary Martin, which is a magnificent mercy for the more than 100 theater parties that are already committed to go to this threnody. Whether she is nostalgically sashaying through a cane-and-straw-hat routine, or spinning head over heels on a giant Roto-Broil of a torture wheel, or running her voice like a caress over a romantic ballad, she has the star quality that transcends marquees and animates legends. In her bearing, timing, suppleness, versatility, she is a flawless professional. Her only wrong move in *Jennie* is being in *Jennie*.



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BERLIN'S PHILHARMONIC HALL  
No longer at the loud end of the horn.

## Symphony in the Round

Symphony audiences have traditionally had to face the music from the loud end of the horn; most concert halls put the orchestra on a stage and send the sound through a proscenium arch. German Architect Hans Scharoun, 70, the cigar-puffing, beret-topped president of West Berlin's Academy of Arts, believes that this is thoughtless imitation of the theater or the opera. He had observed that listeners at jamfests naturally circled around the musicians, and wanted to test his idea that "the natural location of music, spatially and optically, is in the center of a music hall."

His test, which cost \$4,125,000, is the new Berlin Philharmonic Hall, inaugurated last week after six years of construction on a site only 154 yds. from the Berlin Wall. Like modern atonal music, the hall is asymmetrical, a polygonal loft in concrete that from its mustard-colored exterior resembles a huge aluminum-roofed circus tent with stiff ridgepoles. Berliners hope that landscaping will mitigate its bareness, and stake the hall's claim to greatness on its interior.

No walls or pillars obscure the vast interior. The audience pitches onto the orchestra from slanting levels like irregular alpine slopes. One-third of the 2,200 seats are in front of the Philharmonic's conductor, Herbert von Karajan. "Admittedly, it is a new form," says the architect, "but one which I believe is more in tune with our times."

There are 136 pyramidal ceiling reflectors for sound, but no one is eager to tinker with them. At its opening, Scharoun's new hall seemed acoustically excellent as Von Karajan filled its angu-

lar spaces with squiggles of sound from softest pianissimo to heftiest fortissimo, leading his firstchair men through a delicate movement of a Haydn string quartet and then the full orchestra through Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. Critics breathed sighs of relief over the splendid sound—function, it seemed, had not been betrayed by revolutionary form.

## 35 Centuries of Mexican Art

Only in Mexico did the colonizers of the New World find an art as deeply rooted as Europe's. It was an art that had had 3,000 years to grow, nourished in settled, rich and leisurely societies comparable in many ways to the ancient Egyptians. In the course of raising seasonal crops, worshipping a panoply of local gods to honor bountiful harvests, building huge pyramids to exalt these gods, the Mayas, Olmecs, Zapotecs, Mixtecs, Toltecs and Aztecs developed an artistic tradition unmatched elsewhere in the Americas.

Upon the conquest, the art of Mexico stumbled for a while, then swallowed up the onslaught of Spanish artistry and went on to spawn a new nationalistic and individual tradition. To show the whole sweeping story, the Mexican government prepared an encyclopedic exhibit of more than 2,000 works of art from pre-Columbian times to the present (see next two pages). After five years in Europe, where 9,000,000 people saw it, the show has come to the U.S., and now is on view at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

**Toppled Titans.** At the earliest gateways of Mexican art are the giant stone heads of the Olmecs—sphinxlike basalt monoliths, some weighing more than 15 tons, whose eyes seem to stare with-

out cognizance of the centuries that have passed since they toppled into the jungle. But most of Mexico's ancient art is less monumental and more familiar: everyday household utensils and ritual objects decorated with leaves and tendrils; pots, statuary, and tools in the shape of animals; terra-cotta fertility idols whose swollen thighs and exaggerated pubic regions are pocket guarantees of good crops. Perhaps the highest point of pre-conquest art—and the most exciting part of the Los Angeles show—was the painted room of the temple at Bonampak, a pyramid whose corbel vaults—arches made by stepping stones inward—display 8th century Mayan frescoes strangely linked in style with the flat, frontal reliefs of the ancient Egyptians. Their bold, sophisticated expressionism is so compatible with modern art that they suggest the eternal life of forms in art.

When the Conquistadors came in 1519, they hoped to found not just a colony but a New Spain. Instead, the Mexicans absorbed the Spaniards. The viceroy took the place of Montezuma; Christ became the altar ego of the god Quetzalcoatl, the plumed serpent and savior who can both soar like a bird and slither like a snake. In 17th century crucifixes by Indian artisans, Christ's body does not hang upon the Cross, but becomes part of it, styled after pre-Columbian pieces in which animals and human figures became part of the pottery. In one oil, a viceroy's horse becomes an intricate tattoo symbol of itself, and the European painter's tradition sinks in a jungle of danger.

**A Circular Calendar.** But in transforming, or even sabotaging, the imported Spanish tradition, Mexico's artists were in retrospect only staging a holding operation. With the arrival of true independence, after the 1910 revolution, Mexico's artists suddenly turned rebel, somersaulted over European impressionism straight into a violent native expressionism. José Clemente Orozco tore apart his society in a howl of complaint. Diego Rivera's solemn, linear mural lent dignity to the poor. David Alfaro Siqueiros attacked the industrial world with a futurist's flurry of movement, using such brute materials as Duco on burlap. Rufino Tamayo looked poetically backward into his ancestors' blood passions and, as if once again ripping the living hearts from Aztec human sacrifices, reincarnated them in the stillness of his stark cubism.

When viewed in its richly hued entirety, the art of Mexico is a flowing history of forms that never die. European methods take over, but the serpent Quetzalcoatl triumphs in spirit. Throughout 3,500 years, his plumage seems hardly ruffled. The forms seem to change, but, like the circular calendars of the Aztecs, they are always turning back into themselves.



THE ART OF MEXICO from 1500 B.C. to the present, on view in Los Angeles, includes statue of Chac-Mool, the Mayan god of rain.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY, MEXICO

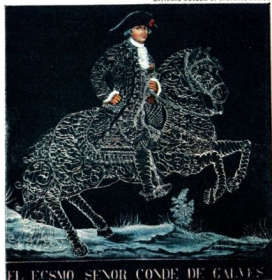
BANNER-BRIGHT ROOM is one of three replicas of rooms in Mayan Temple of Paintings discovered in 1945 in southern jungle.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY, MEXICO



MODERN MASTER, José Clemente Orozco, who painted *Dismembered* in 1947, was obsessed by torture, death, and the anguish of all mankind.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HISTORY, MEXICO



COLONIAL ARTISTS, one skilled in portraiture and one in calligraphy, joined to paint Count de Galvez, a late 18th century viceroy.



LUCRECIA D. HERRERA

CONTEMPORARY PAINTER, Rufino Tamayo, usually gentle-handed, created in *Mad Dog* (1947)

a beastlike apparition—a creature rising from primitive nightmares that seem to haunt Mexican art.



PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART



## MUSIC

### DANCE

#### Rites in the Cave of the Heart

To avant-gardists of the modern dance, Martha Graham has long been the Holy Acrobat. But when the State Department began sending her off on tour as an official U.S. dancer, the old esoterica was sadly diminished. Offended by the bourgeois applause, ultras in the Graham cult started casting about for a new and comfortably obscure enthusiasm. Last week Graham and her modern dance troupe returned to Broadway for their annual two-week season, and there in their tennis shoes were the strayed believers. Thanks to a congressional challenge to the wholesomeness of Graham's art, she now seemed a martyr to the Philistines and the cult again rallied around.

**Tangle of Doom.** The fuss began over a German performance of *Phaedra*, Graham's "phantasmagoria of desire" (TIME, March 16, 1962), that Congresswoman Edna Kelly from Brooklyn found "distasteful." One morning's hearing in Washington was enough to establish Graham's artistic merit, and she dismissed the affair with a sharp *coup de grâce*: "I feel as if I had been pawed by dirty hands." But the pawing paid off. Despite a repertory program that included two newer and better works last week, it was *Phaedra* that drew the loudest cheers.

The two American premières alone were enough to prove the strength of Graham's charismatic grip on her art as well as her audience. In *Legend of Judith*, an extension of her recent cycle of mystic studies of heroines seeking reconciliation with their pasts, Graham, now 70, dances Judith, aging and melancholy; with a dream's logic, Judith recalls her patriotic seduction and murder of Holofernes, while real and imagined forms confront her to weave with their dance the tangle of her quiet doom. In *Circe*, Graham turns Ulysses' odyssey into an inner event, a flight of the imagination in which enchantment is only a prelude to bestiality, and anguish is the only alternative to evil.

**Oracular Instincts.** Graham's dancing today is a grace remembered. She has become fragile and precarious onstage. The mute eloquence of her gestures is now as terse as it is cryptic; her dances are only sketches of her intent. But the 19 other dancers—nine male, ten female—in her company are all masters of the "virile gestures" that, she says, "are evocative of the only true beauty." Movement is full of the strain and pain academic ballet attempts to conceal, and each step is meant as a metaphor that tells of the life of the heart. Barefoot and poised in an artificial balance achieved by great feats of technique, the dancers rarely touch except to depict conflict or lust. Each dance seems a ritual from the infernal rites Graham

sees in the cave of the heart, spoken in "the cosmic language" of movement.

Such oracular instincts bring a muscular moral to most Graham ballets, but she tempers her preachments with ironic wit and a healthy interest in all circumstances that cause the hips to quiver. Her choreography is full of strangely natural distortions of movements from life—leaps and spread-eagle stretches, fluttering fingers, crawls, great sweeps of outstretched legs, pelvic rolls and caresses.\* Her open-air approach to sex makes her company more masculine than most—though the soft little scrimmage in her new *Secular Games* manages to make even her strong male dancers look disturbingly dainty.

**Cargo of Silence.** Graham's first concern remains with the anxieties of women, and in portraying them, none of the young dancers can approach her. Behind her ashen makeup, she looks as if some private sorrow is on her lips. She seems just at the point of disclosing it as the dance ends. Then she curtsies and casts a desperate eye at the falling curtain as if it is sealing her in a cage of silence. The applause brings the curtain up again and again. And each time it rises, the audience's first glimpse of her is of a woman relieved.

### OPERA

#### The Schippers Festival

The Metropolitan Opera had two new productions ready to greet the opening of its 79th season last week—a lavish but disappointing *Aida* and a modest *Manon*. *Aida* succeeded in shar-

\* In New York Supreme Court last week, Irene Eskin, 33, a former Graham student, won \$49,000 in damages for having "lost the mobility" in her back when Graham tried to perfect her lotus-pose-with-fingers-fluttering. "Don't look at me with vacant eyes," Graham told her. "Then she started pulling me back by the arms," said Eskin. "After she released me I felt something lock."



SCHIPPERS CONDUCTING IN REHEARSAL  
In poetic command.

ing some of the opening night glitter with its \$50-a-seat audience, but it was plagued by the galloping vulgarity that now and then attacks the Met's production staff. *Manon* appeared with a blush three nights later and, despite troubles of its own, triumphed quietly.

With two suffering singers onstage—Birgit Nilsson was still in pain from a gallstone attack the night before, and Irene Dalis cried through all three intermissions over something like an inflamed T-Zone—*Aida* never reached the pitch of performance that might have saved it from its staging. Designer Robert O'Hearn built a marshmallow Egypt; Stage Director Nathaniel Merrill strewed the huge cast across it like pistachio shells; Katherine Dunham firmly fixed a rhinestone in every navel within reach and made her debut as a Met choreographer nothing more than a tawdry reminder of her old Haitian dance suites. Uniformly brave performances and sensitive conducting by Georg Solti were not enough to counteract such problems, and Verdi's tragedy sank into the goo without a tear.

*Manon* was another matter. Designer Ita Maximowna's sets are airy and unpretentious—a close match with Massenet's dulcet music and the story of his heroine's capricious pursuit of an early death. In *Manon*'s virgin youth, the stage is warmed by springtime; in



GRAHAM AND DANCERS IN "JUDITH"  
In cosmic language.

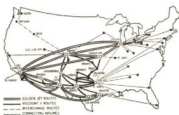




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**CONTINENTAL  
AIRLINES**

her Parisian tryst, the shabbiness of the curtains and walls is almost a state of mind; when she dies, her lover's desolation is framed in a lane of twisted tree stumps. Anna Molfo and Nicolai Gedda as Manon and the Chevalier Des Grieux seemed nervous with the French libretto, but Conductor Thomas Schippers had a poetic command of the music.

**Little of Love.** Schippers' *Manon* was the beginning of an operatic tour d'art that is the best news of the Met's new season. In what Met Manager Rudolf Bing calls "the Schippers festival," the young conductor will lead the orchestra in at least 36 performances of four operas, including the premiere run of Gian Carlo Menotti's *Last Savage*. At 24, Schippers was one of the youngest conductors ever to appear at the Met; now, nine years later, he is established as the best conductor of opera yet born in America.

On the podium he is athletic but correct. His baton sweeps in wide, generous arcs and his left hand constantly beckons music from the air. His body dips and sways like a dancer's, and his classic profile flashes now right, now left, like a lighthouse beacon. He has a nearly perfect ear for balancing orchestra and singers, and the Met chorus never sounds better than it does with Schippers conducting. Though emotion sometimes drives him into hurried tempi, he has a strong sense of opera that keeps his music in sympathetic concert with the libretto—which he soundlessly sings through in every performance.

After his triumphant debut at Bayreuth last summer in a new production of *Die Meistersinger*, Schippers was offered the directorship of two European opera houses—a temptation that sorely tries him. "Conducting is not enough for me," he says. "I need a theater—a theater is the way I can express myself best. I want to live in the dirt of the theater." The dirt is denied him at the Met, where conductors have no responsibility for staging or direction, but Schippers is too much at home there now to leave easily. "I feel that the Met is my orchestra," he says. "It is an ultra-professional company—very little of love and affection—but it is the opera house of the world."

**Violet Stems.** Schippers was born in Kalamazoo, Mich., but he has no taste for the sticks anymore. He is building a house on Corfu and keeps apartments in Rome and New York and, happily established as a princely bachelor, he avoids all thought of a permanent conductorship somewhere. When he first led an orchestra, he says, his legs "trembled like violet stems," but success has blessed him with massive assurance. Now, in eager pursuit of a future he scarcely has reason to doubt, he says that "it's a marvelous feeling to know that you know more. I've known before that I know music. Now I know I can run a theater. I don't have a power complex, but why do what I do if I can't do it right?"

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Photo by Louisa Dean, LIFE, Oct. 25, 1963

You're a conservationist and a picture like this scares you. You wonder how long there will be any wildlife at all, at the rate we're killing it off. Or you suddenly remember you're overdue at the dentist. Or you manufacture cat food—don't you wish you could crack that market? Or you're in women's wear, and you wonder where you'll find enough prime leopard to meet this season's fashion demands. Whoever you are, you'll be fascinated by LIFE's story this week on vanishing African game. Each week, people like you find a lot to think about in **LIFE**

## PRO FOOTBALL

## Jimmy, the Giant Killer

The biggest obstacle that stands between the National Football League's New York Giants and their third straight Eastern Conference Championship is Jimmy Brown, the Cleveland Browns' 235-lb. fullback. Too bad, Giants. This Sunday the Giants play Jimmy and the other Browns in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium. They ran into the Browns only last week, and the

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS



BROWN (32) CHILLING WINTERS  
A score settled.

Giants are still shuddering from shock. For some obscure reason, bookies favored the Giants by three points; the Browns demolished them 35-24—and the best running back in pro football settled an old and bitter score.

**Like Peanuts.** In years past, the Giants had a double-whammy on Jimmy. Over the course of his seven pro seasons, Cleveland had beaten the Giants only four times in 13 tries, and in one awful game back in 1958 it was all Jimmy could do to gain a bare 8 yds. But nobody has been able to stop him this year (TIME, Oct. 4)—and certainly not the Giants. Ripping off 7 and 8 yds. a carry, he shucked tacklers like peanut shells, once straight-armed Giant Linebacker Bill Winter so hard that Winter collapsed in a heap. With the ball on the New York 5, he picked up 4 yds. with five Giant tacklers clinging to him. He then made the touchdown by hurling himself bodily into the air. A lucky interception and Giant Quarterback Y. A. Tittle's wonderful passes gave New York a 17-14 lead at half time. But Jimmy was merely warming up.

Back he came for the second half, and 63,000 fans edged forward. In the first half he had shown frightening power—now it was speed. On Cleveland's first play he gathered in a screen pass on his own 28, took advantage of a

block, burst into the clear and simply outran the Giant team. Safteymen Erich Barnes, a 10-flat sprinter, gave up the chase, stood staring in astonishment.

**"Nothing to It."** Then it was time for the tricks—the beautiful feints and cuts that only halfbacks are supposed to perform. With Cleveland on the Giant 32, Quarterback Frank Ryan called, "Option seven left." The snap, the pitch-out, and Jimmy Brown was off, barreling through the left side of the Giants' line. Three Giants had him trapped at the 22. They rushed in. But Jimmy was gone. In one of those incredible flashes of grace that light up professional football, the huge man had pirouetted nearly 180° and was sprinting across the field to his right, looking for protective blockers. Three Cleveland players formed up to make a convoy. Jimmy circled behind them, throttled down to a casual trot for his third TD of the afternoon. Marvelous Giant Defensive Captain Andy Robustelli: "We had him, and we still couldn't get him."

Before the day was out, Jimmy Brown had carried the ball 23 times, gained 123 yds. on the ground, another 86 on passes, run his season's rushing total to 787 yds.—almost twice that of any other back in the league. His point output: 60, tops in the league. The Giants had done all they could to stop him: his left arm was bandaged and swollen; there were purple bruises over and under both eyes and on the bridge of his nose. Brown only grinned. Said Giant Halfback Frank Gifford: "That Brown. He says he isn't Superman. What he means is that Superman isn't Jimmy Brown."

## PRIZE FIGHTING

## The Tenth Death

He was a familiar figure around the seamy fight clubs of Philadelphia, Washington, and Reading, Pa.—a sleepy-eyed Negro who would trade leather with anyone for the price of a train ticket and a night on the town. Once, *Ring* magazine picked him as its "Promising Fighter of the Month"—but that was in 1958, and the promise was mostly unfulfilled. He lost almost as often as he won (ten wins, seven losses, three draws), and it was not long before Ernie Knox, 26, was eking out an uncertain living from part-time jobs and unemployment checks. But always there was that dream of the big time.

One night last week, Ernie climbed into the ring at the Baltimore Coliseum to fight New York's Wayne Bethea, 31. A hulking 205-pounder, Bethea had fought Sonny Liston and Ezzard Charles, had a record of 32-19-3. Ernie weighed 184 lbs. on the boxing commission's scales, and he had not fought in nearly a year. "You have to prove yourself," shrugged his manager. "You have to be ready to take a chance."

Some chance. In the ninth round,

Bethea unloaded a series of bombs and Ernie toppled to the canvas. Rushed to a hospital for "observation," he asked for a drink of water, sank into a deep coma, and died of a brain hemorrhage—boxing's tenth fatality of 1963.

A Baltimore grand jury started investigating the circumstances of Ernie's death. By week's end it had turned up two shocking bits of information. Ernie's cut of the \$1,620 purse was hardly enough to pay his burial expenses. It came to \$243. And at the city morgue, Ernie Knox's body weighed only 153 lbs. The boxing commission sheepishly admitted that Knox had been permitted to weigh in with his clothes on. Said the autopsy surgeon: "All you had to do was look at this kid's body to know he didn't weigh 184 lbs."

## SCOREBOARD

## Who Won

► Kelso: the \$108,900 Jockey Club Gold Cup, for the fourth year in a row, by four lazy lengths at Aqueduct. Cutting his own pace ("I couldn't control him," admitted Jockey Mito Valenzuela), the great gelding galloped to his eighth straight stakes victory, ran his lifetime earnings to \$1,556,702, sewed up Horse of the Year honors for an unprecedented fourth straight year.

► Unbeaten (4-0) but unranked Auburn: a 29-21 upset of No. 8-ranked Georgia Tech, as Quarterback Jimmy Sidle passed for one TD and ran for another. No. 3-ranked Pittsburgh just got past West Virginia 13-10. Pitt's next opponent: Navy, which edged V.M.I. 21-12, as Quarterback Roger Staubach completed nine of 13 passes for 148 yds. and scored one TD. Other scores:

Southern Cal	32	Ohio State	3
Army	47	Wake Forest	0
Syracuse	9	Penn State	6
Illinois	16	Minnesota	0
Maryland	21	Air Force	14

WILLIAM LA FARGE—BALTIMORE SUN



BETHEA & KNOX  
A purse for a coffin.



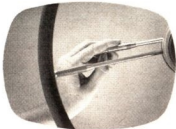
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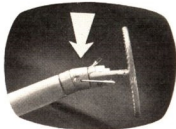
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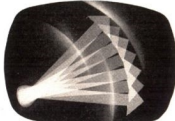
5. Move the wheel up.



6. Move the wheel down.



7. The wheel locks



8. into the position you select



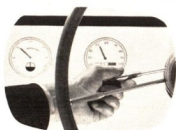
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## RELIGION

### PROTESTANTS

#### Worried Disciples

The Western frontier gave birth to many American dreams, but none so grand as the vision of uniting sect-ridden Protestantism into one great Church of Christ. That was the goal of Pennsylvania's Thomas Campbell around the turn of the 19th century, and also of Barton Stone of Kentucky. Out of their evangelical preaching emerged a faith that tried to be not another denomination but a movement to restore the primitive church known by Jesus' followers.

Ironically enough, the movement to end sectarian churches created just another sectarian church—but a uniquely American one: the Disciples of Christ. Last week, when 6,500 delegates gathered in Miami Beach for their annual assembly, the International Convention of Christian Churches, as the Disciples style themselves, could claim, with 1,800,000 members, to be one of the nation's largest indigenous religious bodies. But the Disciples still try to live by Barton Stone's belief that sects should "die, be dissolved, and sink into union with the body of Christ at large." The Disciples are one of six faiths seriously discussing Presbyterian Eugene Carson Blake's proposal to create a great new superchurch that would be both "catholic and Reformed."

**Preserving Freedom.** The Disciples can easily talk union because they combine a maximum of spiritual freedom with a minimum of churchly trappings. Their congregations practice baptism by immersion, elect their own pastors, allow laymen (and women) to conduct

the austere Sunday services, which may omit a sermon but never omit Communion. The Disciples have no confession or creed, and the divinity of Christ is their sole rule of faith. "Ever since the beginning, we've been scared to death that we'd arrive at a theology everyone would have to subscribe to," says Industrialist J. Irwin Miller, a lay Disciple and president of the National Council of Churches. "The heart of the movement is this great concern to preserve the freedom to arrive at one's own conclusions."

Thinking individually, the Disciples at the convention arrived at the collective conclusion that their church is in considerable need of what they delicately call restructuring. The Disciples' 8,000 congregations are autonomous, but they voluntarily cooperate to support more than 100 social agencies; some church leaders believe that the national leadership should have more power to coordinate the work of these agencies and the individual congregations.

**Adding Souls.** Another Disciple worry is membership. The nation's fastest-growing churches are ones that emphasize their doctrinal individuality—including the conservative Churches of Christ (TIME, Feb. 15), which broke with the Disciples around 1900 over a number of ecclesiastical questions, such as whether the Bible authorized instrumental music in worship. But the ecumenical-minded Disciples have lost 50,000 members in the last decade, and outgoing President Dr. Robert W. Burns of Atlanta warned that the flames of a faith built on evangelism seemed to be dying into embers. "Our evangelism has lagged because many of us lack a deep

concern for the salvation of our neighbor's soul," he said. "How long since you were the means through which God added a soul to the church? How long since you even tried?"

### WORSHIP

#### Instant Mysticism

In every age, men have struggled to perceive God directly rather than as a tenuously grasped abstraction. Few succeed, and the visions of the world's rare mystics have normally come only after hard spiritual work—prayer, meditation, ascetic practice. Now a number of psychologists and theologians are exploring such hallucinogenic drugs as mescaline, psilocybin and LSD-25 as an easy way to instant mysticism.

In large enough doses, these drugs can simulate the effects of certain forms of psychosis—to the point, in some cases, of permanent derangement. But in controlled, minute doses the drugs produce weird and wonderful fantasies of sight and feeling; in Greenwich Village and on college campuses, they seem to be replacing marijuana as the hip way to get kicks. Some investigators who have tried the drugs claim to have undergone a profound spiritual experience, and these men are seriously, if gingerly, studying the undefined relationship between drug-induced visions and the classic forms of mystical ecstasy.

**"The Void Was Lit Up."** For at least 3,000 years, primitive tribes have had visionary orgies at feasts of certain sacred plants, often mushrooms. The use of the peyote cactus, from which mescaline is derived, is a regular part of the Communion services of the Native American Church, composed of 200,000 U.S. Indians. Novelist Aldous Huxley wrote, in *The Doors of Perception*, that mescaline produced in him an effect that seemed like seeing the beatific vision. Psychologist Timothy Leary, who was dropped from the Harvard faculty last spring after receiving strong criticism for his free-wheeling research in the use of LSD and psilocybin, gave the drugs to 69 "full-time religious professionals," found that three out of four had "intense mystico-religious reactions, and more than half claimed that they had the deepest spiritual experience of their life."

Such spiritual experiences range from heavenly to hideous: a number of subjects suffer through agonizing intimations of hell rather than of paradise. Most instant mystics feel that they have been "reborn," and have suddenly been given the key to existence, although their intuition usually appears in the form of an incommunicable platitude, such as "oneness is all." California Prison Psychologist Wilson Van Dusen, for example, imagined himself in a black void in which "God was walking on me and I cried for joy. My own voice seemed to speak of his coming, but I didn't believe it. Suddenly and unexpectedly the zenith of the void was lit up



MILLER



DISCIPLE DELEGATES IN MIAMI BEACH  
Everyone is free to arrive at his own conclusions.



BURNING BUSH (BY RAPHAEL)

For some, weird and wonderful fantasies.

with the blinding presence of the One. How did I know it? All I can say is that there was no possibility of doubt."

**Union With God.** This kind of experience seems to be at least subjectively religious; but there are less convincing cases in which drug takers appear to have read religion into their visions or rigged the setting to induce a spiritual experience. One professor at a Protestant divinity school recalls that he was handed a rose to contemplate after taking his dose of LSD. "As I looked at the rose it began to glow," he said, "and suddenly I felt that I understood the rose. A few days later when I reread the Biblical account of Moses and the burning bush it suddenly made sense to me."

Perhaps the best-known deliberate effort to create religious experience with drugs was a special service in the basement chapel beneath Boston University's non-denominational Marsh Chapel on Good Friday last year. Organ music was piped into the dimly lit chapel for a group of 20 subjects, most of them divinity students, half of whom were given LSD while the rest took placebos. A minister gave a brief sermon, and the students were left alone to meditate. During the next three hours, all except one of the LSD takers (but only one of those who took placebos) reported "a genuine religious experience."

"I felt a deep union with God," reports one participant. "I remember feeling a profound sense of sorrow that there was no priest or minister at the altar. I had a tremendous urge to go up on the altar and minister the services. But I had this sense of unworthiness, and I crawled under the pews and tried to get away. Finally I carried my Bible to the altar and then tried to preach. The only words I mumbled were 'peace, peace.' I felt I was communicating beyond words."

**End Run Around Christ.** Most churchmen are duly skeptical about equating an afternoon on LSD with the intuitions of a St. John of the Cross or a Martin Luther. R. C. Zaehner of Oxford, a Roman Catholic and an expert on Eastern religions, holds that the



LSD TAKERS IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS.  
For others, intimations of hell.

drug-induced visions are simply one of many kinds of preternatural experience, and are qualitatively different from the ecstasies granted mystics. Presbyterian Theodore Gill, president of San Francisco Theological Seminary, wonders whether the drug experience might be a rival rather than a supplement to what conventional religion offers. Says he: "The drugs make an end run around Christ and go straight to the Holy Spirit." Clerics also charge that LSD zealots have become a clique of modern gnostics concerned only with furthering their private search for what they call "inner freedom."

Others feel that the church should not quickly dismiss anything that has the power to deepen faith. Dr. W. T. Stace, of Princeton, one of the nation's foremost students of mysticism, believes that LSD can change lives for the better. "The fact that the experience was induced by drugs has no bearing on its validity," he says. In an article on the drugs written with Leary for the journal *Religious Education*, Dr. Walter Houston Clark of Andover Newton Theological School argued that the structure of the drugs is similar to that of a family of chemicals in the body known as indoles. It may be, he suggested, "that a naturally occurring excess of the indoles might predispose some people to certain kinds of mystical experience." Says Paul Lee, an instructor at M.I.T. who took LSD while a student at Harvard Divinity School: "The pity is that our everyday religious experience has become so jaded, so rationalized that to become aware of the mystery, wonderment and confusion of life we must resort to the drugs. Nonetheless, many of us are profoundly grateful for the vistas opened up by the drug experience. It remains to be seen whether this experience is to be interpreted in religious language."

\* At headquarters of Leary's International Federation for Internal Freedom.

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Delicious Fleischmann's Margarine is ideal for low saturated fat diets many doctors recommend. Of the nation's leading margarines, Fleischmann's is lowest in saturated fat because it's made from 100% corn oil. And scientific research indicates liquid corn oil such as used in Fleischmann's helps reduce the saturated fat content of the diet. Ask your doctor how Fleischmann's Margarine can help reduce the saturated fat content of your family's diet.

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Both margarines sold on West Coast in familiar cube form.

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An old tradition with flyers is to cut off your shirttail when you solo. Cessna dealers then place the cloth with your name in a commemorative trophy for your home or office.

# SO

**Some thoughts  
of a St. Louis  
businessman  
the day he  
made his first  
solo flight  
in a Cessna:**



Go! Remember, a little right rudder. Ease back and let her take off by herself.

Six hundred feet. Check both sides for aircraft. All clear. Okay, start the turn.

"**W**ere you scared?" invariably was the first question my non-flying friends asked when I told them I had soloed. And the answer was: "No." I had expected to be nervous, but actually I was too busy making sure I wouldn't embarrass myself with a bouncy landing or something.

You see, your instructor won't let you solo until you're fully capable. Besides that, modern planes are very forgiving of mistakes, especially a Cessna—which I learned in. For example, its big high wing gives you extra lift and stability. And coupled with Omni-Vision (you're surrounded with windows; there's even a wrap-around back window), you get complete visibility around and down. Another is the huge flaps. If you should come in high for a landing, you simply lower the

# LO!



Bill hasn't touched the control wheel all morning. Will he let me solo today?



Perfect, he says. And believe me, instructors don't just throw around compliments.



Yep, he's getting out—this is really it. I had a feeling it would be today. Solo!



Don't do anything dumb. No planes on downwind... base... final approach.



Level off on the downwind leg. So far so good. Oh, mannn—I'm doing it!



Flew a good pattern if I do say so myself. All lined up now; just take her in...



Fine... fine... ease back... smoothly... hold it off... that's right; I can just feel it.



Smaoooooth!

flaps and float right down. The landing gear lets you practically drive onto the strip. It's spring steel, so it smooths out your landings and helps you correct misjudgments you might make at first. (Cessna calls it "Land-O-Matic," and once you try it you'll see why.) So what all this means is that you haven't anything more serious to worry about than a little kidding if you goof.

Best of all, it doesn't take long to learn. I was in my eleventh hour of instruction when I soloed. (I'm not bragging: a couple friends of mine even did it in less time.) Now with a student's license, I go up alone to practice. I get a big kick out of that. And in a few weeks I'll get my private ticket. Then I can take passengers. That's when the fun really begins!

**The next step after learning to fly... is to get a plane. And there are several ways: flying clubs (in which costs are shared by the members)... rent a plane (as low as 10¢ a mile)... buy a used Cessna... or buy a new Cessna. The best way depends on how much you travel. The easiest way to decide is to ask your Cessna dealer.**

So take the first step now: see your Cessna dealer about flying lessons. In the meantime—for a free copy of *Pre-Flight Facts* (it tells you about how and why an airplane flies), write: *Cessna Aircraft Company, Dept. T4-1, Wichita, Kansas.*

**CESSNA**

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Prince Albert of Liège, 29, fun-loving younger brother of Belgium's King Baudouin, and Princess Paola, 26; a second son, third child, third in line to inherit the throne (after his father and elder brother, Prince Philippe, 3); in Brussels.

**Married.** Mary Allin Travers, 26, strapping (5 ft. 9 in.) blond chickadee of the folk-singing trio, Peter, Paul and Mary; and Barry Feinstein, 32, freelance photographer; both for the second time; in Danbury, Conn.

**Married.** Dr. Henry Clay Alexander Jr., 28, resident in surgery at Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, son of the board chairman of Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.; and Annalita Giovanni Marsigli de Rossi-Lombardi, 26, Italian-born Manhattan society poetess; in Manhattan.

**Married.** Hope Lange, 29, cool and limpid green-eyed cinemactress (*Love Is a Ball*); and Alan Pakula, 35, Hollywood producer (*To Kill a Mockingbird*); she for the second time; in Los Angeles.

**Died.** Horton Smith, 55, pro-golfing great of the 1920s and '30s, a lanky Missouri farm boy who at the tender age of 21 won eight major tournaments and the then astronomical total of \$15,500, was master of the first U.S. Masters tournament in 1934, won the title again in 1936 and went on to play at Augusta every year since; of Hodgkin's disease; in Detroit.

**Died.** Alan Arnold Griffith, 70, British aeronautical engineer, longtime (1939-60) chief theoretical scientist for Rolls-Royce Ltd., a shy, withdrawn Londoner who in 1926 first outlined the principles of the pure-jet aircraft engine, later designed the Rolls-Royce "Flying Bedstead," an ungainly jet-powered contraption that in 1954 demonstrated unwinged vertical takeoff and landing; of cancer; in Farnborough, England.

**Died.** Admiral Alan Goodrich Kirk, 74, wartime U.S. Navy chief in Europe, postwar diplomat and troubleshooter, a leathery Philadelphia who commanded landings on Sicily and the D-day Normandy beaches, later proved so effective as an ambassador, first to Belgium (1946-49), then to Russia during the Korean war (1949-52), that President Kennedy called him back from retirement in 1961 to try and talk Belgian mining executives into supporting the U.N. in the Congo, last year gave him another sensitive job as Ambassador to Nationalist China, a post Kirk held only six months before resigning because of failing health; of a heart ailment; in Manhattan.



## ***It's good business to mix words and music!***

For the first time, music and dictation can be blended to make secretaries happier—and their work more efficient!

It's possible with the new Edison® Voicewriter® Serenader<sup>TM</sup> background music system for secretaries using transcribing equipment. She uses a special headset with two tiny earphones. Over one, she hears the dictation to be typed. Over the other, she hears programmed, non-vocal music. The secretary can raise or lower volume or turn off the music as she chooses.

Extensive testing at a leading insurance company has proved that the Serenader increases production importantly and, at the same time, increases employee morale and efficiency. Dictation actually becomes clearer, more distinct, because music enhances the audible quality of the words dictated. Secretaries are more relaxed.

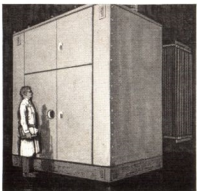
The music source and the programmed music are leased directly from the Edison Voicewriter Division.





## Now! A do-it-herself coin-op ironer!

This new Ajax® Iron-A-Matic ironer enables coin-op customers to press laundry and dry cleaning in one-third the time required with a conventional iron. It's easy to use, completely automatic, and—above all—safe. With this ironer, coin-op owners can provide total service, which includes full pressing facilities, enjoy higher profits. The Ajax Iron-A-Matic ironer, made by American Laundry Machinery Industries, is the only one designed and developed exclusively for coin-operation.



## "Whispering" transformers make better neighbors!

The standard sound level for a small power transformer in some cases reaches that of a busy street. Too loud for congested residential areas. But Pennsylvania Transformer Division's "sound enclosure" can absorb 90% of the sound energy, reduce sound level to an actual whisper. Here's how it works. The main transformer tank is placed inside a metal enclosure, creating a double tank wall. As a part of the transformer, the outer wall is lined with special insulating material. Pennsylvania's "sound enclosure" is effective with high and low frequencies . . . not true of all methods of sound reduction.

For information about any product shown, write:

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## The Wonderful World of McGraw-Edison



Alfred Bersted, President  
McGraw-Edison Company

"One indication of the vitality of any organization is its ability to create new products or 'firsts.' Over the years, McGraw-Edison has had many—the first automatic pop-up toaster, the first chrome-plated appliances, the first 50 kv capacitor for the electrical industry, to mention a few. Some more recent examples are among the products shown on these pages."



### Adds healthful moisture to "dried up" air.

Inside winter air often becomes so dry that it parches your nose and throat, makes you uncomfortable. This new, super-capacity, Coolerator® Custom automatic humidifier from Albion Division solves the problem. It maintains a healthy humidity level in areas up to 1,500 sq. ft. Styling blends with finest furnishings.

### This battery does double duty!

For the first time, a carbon cell is regenerated by the introduction of sufficient chemicals to double its capacity. Edison, Type RE-1000, packs 1000 ampere-hours into a battery jar regularly used to produce only 500 a.h. Designed by Primary Battery Division for railway signal services, including higher voltage direct current track circuits, of all types.



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Did a stick shift get between you and the economy car you wanted?



If only it didn't have a stick shift! Does that "if" sound familiar? Well, what if it had automatic transmission? And what if it had as much get-up-and-go as our shift car? And what if 35 to 40 miles a gallon wasn't unusual? And what if it gave you 4-wheel disc brakes? And what if it came with deluxe upholstery and 4 doors? What if? There are no more "ifs," no more "buts" ... in the new Renault. It's the most debugged car, the most improved car, on the road. And the same goes for our complete line of cars. At Renault, we learn what you want and we put to practice what we learn. (And so do our dealers.) For overseas delivery information see your Renault dealer, or write: Renault, Inc., 750 Third Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

**RENAULT** 

# U.S. BUSINESS

## AVIATION

### Squabble to Be First

Four phone calls were made from Washington last week to the presidents of the nation's four leading airlines. On the line was Najeb Halaby, who heads the Federal Aviation Agency and is the President's principal aviation adviser. Halaby was about to appear before a Senate hearing to argue the Administration's case for a \$60 million appropriation to get a U.S. supersonic jetliner program moving—and he needed some help. What about placing some orders, asked Halaby, even though the final design of the U.S. plane has not been decided on. U.S. airlines, though hitherto eager to order the Anglo-French Concorde supersonic because it promised to be first, made a show of confidence in the eventual success of the U.S. program by ordering 29 planes.

**Anxious to Move.** Each of the airlines that Halaby called seemed to get the idea that it would be the first to order a made-in-the-U.S. supersonic, and the result was an unseemly squabble. Trans World Airlines President Charles Tillinghast was the first to announce that he had placed an order. But American Airlines President C. R. Smith contended that he had telegraphed an order four days earlier, and Pan American's Juan Trippe argued that he, too, had ordered planes before TWA. TWA, at least, was first to send along a check, as a \$600,000 down payment on six planes. Only later did Pan Am send a check and American offer to. The only one of the four airline executives who refused to join the scramble was United's Pat Patterson, who dismissed the whole thing as "a lot of expensive publicity."

Despite the confusion, the airlines' response greatly strengthened Halaby's position before Oklahoma Democrat Mike Monroney's aviation subcommittee, and brightened hopes that the Senate would quickly pass the \$60 million appropriation recently approved by the House. After passage, the technical task of getting the U.S. supersonic program off the ground will fall to Halaby's hard-nosed deputy, Gordon Bain, 54, a former vice president of Slick and Northwest airlines. Under Bain, the FAA will select an airframe company and engineer to build a supersonic transport, then oversee the project until the planes are certified as airworthy and delivered to the airlines.

**Problems Ahead.** The belated U.S. drive for a supersonic is complicated by some questions about the economics of the plane. At the Senate hearings, Civil Aeronautics Board Chairman Alan S. Boyd warned that supersonics may prove so costly to operate that they will force U.S. airlines back on to Government subsidy. But the hurry-up argument for building a supersonic jetliner comes from the belief that unless it develops its own, the U.S. will slowly and inevitably lose its aviation-design leadership to Europe.

### Back in the Black

The readiness of U.S. airlines to anticipate spending huge sums for the supersonics, after all they went through with jets, is one evidence of a general renewal of health in the airline business. The eleven U.S. trunk lines ran into heavy financial trouble in 1961-62 because of the high costs of the new jets and the disappointingly low number of new passengers, but they have earned \$27 million in 1963's first



TWA'S TILLINGHAST  
Ahead at the check-in.

eight months, v. a \$10 million loss for the year-ago period.

All of the big four lines are now in good shape, and of the four none has greater reason to cheer than TWA. After losing \$20 million in two years, the line has climbed back into the black, and this year expects to earn \$10 million or more. President Tillinghast, 52, is so confident of TWA's good health that last week he broke off the merger agreement made with Pan American last December, when TWA's plight was still perilous.

An imperturbable New Englander and onetime assistant Manhattan district attorney under Thomas Dewey, Tillinghast took over TWA in 1961 after Industrialist Howard Hughes was forced by the airline's lenders to put his 78.2% ownership of TWA in trust. When Hughes began sniping at the new administration, Tillinghast tied him into legal knots with an antitrust suit. He arranged additional financing for more jets, flew the line constantly to check on service, and shifted TWA's image from that of a tourist's to a businessman's airline.

## WALL STREET

### How the Funds Are Faring

The U.S.'s mutual funds often seem as tough, persistent and irrepressible as the 100,000 salesmen (mostly part-timers) who peddle them. In the past 18 months they have been hit by a stock-market crash, a blistering attack on their performance from Pennsylvania's Wharton business school, and a severe critique of their aggressiveness from the Securities & Exchange Commission. Yet, to hear the leading fund dealers talk at their annual convention in Miami Beach last week, all this was in the past



HALABY, BOYD & MONRONEY WITH MODELS OF SST & JET ENGINE  
Pushing to get off the ground.

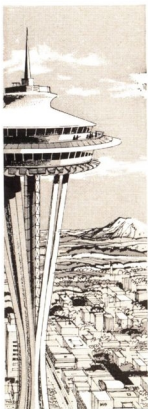


Vacationing's great  
in the Pacific Northwest  
any season...

...but Fall  
is best  
of all!



I know! As Rocky, the Great Northern goat, I've directed many a vacationer to the Pacific Northwest this time of year. And boy, you should see 'em bust out with that old had-the-time-of-my-life enthusiasm soon's you ask, "How was the trip?" Not surprising, though, when you consider that this region's climate is at its ideal best during the Fall months—and all that glorious scenery along Great Northern takes on an extra and exotic splash of color.



Needle's-eye view of mighty  
Mt. Rainier

You can start the fun from atop this 600-ft. Space Needle, riding the ultra-speed Monorail and taking in the other attractions held over from last year's Seattle World's Fair.

Sight-see this "Queen City of the Pacific Northwest." View Puget Sound, Mt. Rainier, the Olympic Mountains.



Great way to go!

Scoot up to Vancouver-Victoria, B. C. for a slice of Old World charm and beauty. Visit Portland, "City of Roses." (Great side trips along the scenic Columbia River.) Continue down to California—even Hawaii. (Convenient connections.)

Sound interesting? Then why not see your travel agent, any Great Northern ticket agent, or write us (address below) for free folders, information. We'll have you in this picture pronto!—among the happiest, most relaxed throng of "escapees" you ever saw—aboard GN's great Vacationland train, the incomparable Empire Builder.



What you see here is the symbol for something we think is a "first" in the rail industry: a Progress Report to Shippers who use Great Northern services.

Briefly (in just 8 pages), this report tells what GN has done, what we're doing, and our future plans for improving our freight services. The report touches on such "progressive" subjects as

GN's new and improved classification yards; hundreds of new special-purpose and upgraded freight cars; new diesel locomotive purchases; additional miles of centralized traffic control and new welded rail installations; lightning-fast communications and car locating system; and awards to Great Northern Railway by both the National and the Minnesota Safety Councils.

We invite you to ask for a copy—from your local GN representative, or by writing to G. D. Johnson at our address below. Just ask for it by name, "Progress Report to Shippers."



Trailers that stretch out like  
"roller skates"

One of GN's current rail-truck assignments is moving construction materials—more than 6000 carloads to date—to a Minuteman Missile Base near Minot, North Dakota. (Just like we did at the Great Falls, Montana, Minuteman Base.)

And among the most important of those materials are huge launch tube sections, up to 52 feet long. The picture shows you how we haul 'em—with special trailers that stretch out up to 60 feet and use as many as 7 axles.

The point of this example is to underline the fact that whatever you ship—large, small, perishable, bulk or break-bulk—GN's got the equipment and the know-how to handle it. Call in your nearby GN

freight traffic man and ask him for dollar-saving suggestions on transportation.



New power... new progress

Dedication this past summer of Rocky Reach Dam (illustrated above), on the Columbia River near Wenatchee, Washington, reminds me of the fact that nearly half of our nation's hydroelectric power is produced out our way. (In the last ten years electrical energy generated annually in GN territory jumped from 32.2 to 63.7 billion kilowatt hours.)

So how about it, you industrial plant locaters—isn't this a pretty "powerful" reason to get all the facts on the great and growing area served by GN? (Tax advantages, quality of labor, strategic sites available, for example.)

Well, here we are about to run off the page. So need hint around? (Other than mentioning that here are some competent, cooperative correspondents on railway transportation and service to individuals, business and industry.)

G. D. Johnson

General Freight Traffic Manager

K. C. Van Wyck

Passenger Traffic Manager

E. N. Duncan

Director of Industrial and Agricultural Development

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125 E. 4th Street  
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Offices in principal cities of the U.S. and Canada

—and the bull was back in the mutual-fund business.

Despite the salesman's perpetual confidence, the mutual funds are still hurting—though not so badly as they once feared. The industry has so far done little to clear up the abuses cited by the SEC last August. Last week the Investment Company Institute, a trade organization, reported that redemption of fund shares, which have been running far ahead of last year, rose to a record \$142 million in September. After reaching an alltime high of more than \$25 billion in assets in August, the funds failed to hold their gain in September; assets declined by more than \$400 million. Sales of fund shares this year are expected to be off 18% from 1961's record of almost \$3 billion.

Things are not all dark, however. Redemptions usually rise when the stock market is going up—the Dow Jones industrial average reached a new record of 750.77 last week—and people are more inclined to gamble on their own than to pay a fee for the judgment of professional fund managers. Though redemptions have been rising faster, total sales of all funds are on the increase again. The stock market rise has helped to boost fund assets about \$6 billion above last year. While the Dow Jones index gained 27% in the twelve months ending Sept. 30, net assets of the ten biggest funds rose an average 24% per share in the same period.

## PUBLIC POLICY

### McNamara's 97¢

The average net profit on defense jobs has dropped to less than 3¢ on every contract dollar. Even that ardent cutter of costs, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, does not think that the profits of defense contractors can be cut further. In fact, he now hopes to save billions on his defense budget by offering higher profits to defense companies that can hold their costs down. "We mustn't expect the savings to come from the 3¢ profit the average defense contract now provides," says McNamara. "We must seek to cut the 97¢ of costs."

**Rewards & Penalties.** The Pentagon, after months of experimenting with various incentive contracts, in January will begin a system that will evaluate and mathematically rate the way defense companies perform on all noncompetitive contracts. Such contracts cover 60% of defense spending, and all the big-ticket hardware from Nike to *Nautilus*. The new system, devised by McNamara's deputy assistant, Graeme C. Bannerman, 53, will award extra profits to a contractor who stays within his bid (contractors now frequently run well over bids), delivers on time, finances the job without the help of Government money, contributes his own technology and accepts a fixed-price contract rather than cost-plus-fixed-fee.

The shift to fixed-price contracts



DEFENSE'S BANNERMAN

Twice a year, a secret report.

alone could save 10¢ on each defense dollar, argues McNamara. In addition, the plan puts a premium on high quality workmanship and careful inspection procedures. The military officer watching each project will submit a top-secret report every six months evaluating the company's performance, and the report will figure heavily in whether a company gets future defense contracts.

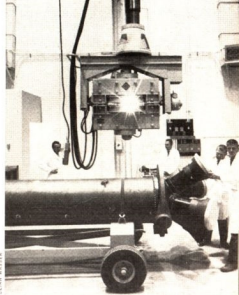
The rewards of the new system could mean net profits as high as 10% for a company. The Pentagon says that one unnamed but efficient U.S. firm, in a test run of the new system, increased its gross profit from \$805,000 to \$960,000 on a contract for missile parts. But the system also includes, as well as increased rewards, penalties for failure to perform that could drive weak companies out of the defense business.

**Wary Approval.** The defense contractors have generally accepted the Pentagon's new approach, with some misgivings about how it will work out in practice. "Our fingers are crossed," says a wary spokesman for the Electronic Industries Association. "We've had a lot of sad experience with front-office policy being ignored or emasculated by the field." McNamara concedes that, if he were still president of Ford, he might be concerned about the new method of evaluating each company separately. "I might not have liked it at first," he says, "but my reaction would have been, I'm sure, to buckle down and not lose the business." That is exactly the reaction he hopes to inspire in the U.S. defense industry.

## INDUSTRY

### The Two-Minute Oven

Ten years ago microwave ovens seemed just the thing for everyone's dream kitchen: roast beef cooked in 30 minutes, apple pie in 18, meat loaf in 13. But the ovens flopped; they were priced too high (well over \$1,000), cost too much to repair, sometimes turned meat a bilious grey. Despite this, ex-



X-RAY INSPECTION OF APOLLO MISSILE

pensive microwave ovens are now back in force—this time not intended for everybody's kitchen. Vastly improved small models are cooking up a storm in the nation's restaurants.

**No Leftovers.** The microwave ovens will never take over in restaurants that consider a meal something of an art as well as very much of a commodity; they sell best where speed and convenience count more than cuisine. Many restaurants, hotels, motels, hospitals, factory cafeterias, railroad dining cars, snack bars and hamburger stands are now turning to high-speed electronic ovens—and the ovens are even being installed in vending machines that serve hot sandwiches. Such electronic giants as General Electric, Raytheon, Litton Industries and Tappan are in the field, competing with at least three smaller firms. Sales of the \$6 million microwave-oven industry are still small, but will double this year and are expected by industry optimists to increase "several hundred percent" in the next ten years.

The revival of interest in microwave cooking comes from a new way of using the ovens. Instead of cooking and serving the food immediately, microwave users now quick-freeze the dishes after cooking them on conventional stoves and store them like TV dinners until the time comes to serve. The dishes are then popped into a microwave oven, which heats them in just a minute or two as high-frequency radar microwaves are absorbed by the food. Institutional users find the process ideal for low-cost assembly-line feeding.

**Heat in Flight.** Such restaurant chains as Stouffer, Howard Johnson, and Schrafft's are using the ovens to heat precooked portions quickly; Manhattan's La Fonda del Sol uses one to warm up tortillas. The newest Hilton hotels also have ultrasonic ovens to make their food service faster. Tad's



COOKING IT YOURSELF AT TAD'S  
No longer just a half-baked idea.

steak-house chain (eleven restaurants) has set up an experimental restaurant in Manhattan, where customers select complete meals from freezer chests, bring them to their tables and pop them into individual ovens that heat them up in about two minutes right by the tables. The chain plans to set up a string of these restaurants and prepare all its meals from one central commissary. Armour has begun to sell frozen meals designed for microwave ovens, and a Connecticut company, called Hager Inc., is turning out frozen "gourmet" meals for smaller restaurants that need invest in only one microwave oven (average cost: \$1,800). Though most airlines bring hot food aboard in insulated cabinets, Pan American has put radar ovens in its planes, heats up frozen foods in flight.

Sometimes frozen dinners have cold spots that the microwaves miss; sometimes, too, French fries come out limp,

ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT



TAKING TRUCK CONTAINER FROM TRAIN  
On the track with piggyback.

and peas inexplicably explode. But the trend to microwave cooking is so decisive that manufacturers feel sure that such difficulties will soon be eliminated by new refinements.

## RAILROADS

### A Going Thing

U.S. railroads first turned to piggybacking as a desperate way to fight off the truckers. For a long time, piggybacking—the hauling of loaded trailers or new automobiles aboard specially equipped flatcars—was a jerry-built, poor-mouth operation. No more. Business has more than tripled since 1956, and this year is running 16% ahead of last. Piggybacking now accounts for 3% of all loadings on U.S. railroads—and, more significantly, contributes 5% of revenues. With the help of such new equipment as triple-deck cars that carry 18 new automobiles, railroads are recovering much of the business they lost to the truckers; 25% of all new cars now move out of U.S. assembly plants by rail v. only 8% just two years ago.

U.S. railroads are now willing to lavish funds on this lucrative freight operation. Last week in Chicago, the Chicago & Northwestern Railway dedicated its new Proviso Piggyback Plaza, a 20-acre, twelve-track staging point for road trailers moving by train. This week the Baltimore & Ohio is completing an \$11 million project in which 18 tunnels are being enlarged, or are being bypassed altogether, to clear the way for piggyback trains moving west. The Southern is busy on a similar \$35 million program on the line between Cincinnati and Chattanooga.

The right of way has also been cleared for piggybacking by the emergence of companies that now buy and lease piggyback cars and trailers, leaving railroads free to spend capital on track and tunnel improvement and such new yards as Proviso Piggyback. The most energetic of the leasing companies is Philadelphia-based Trailer Train Co., whose stock is owned by 35 railroads and by the U.S. Freight Co., the nation's largest freight forwarder. The company started with 530 piggyback cars in 1956, now has 16,000 moving around the U.S.—and is ordering hundreds of new ones each month. It pays \$15,000 for each car, leases it to members. The company is also pushing new design changes, including roller-bearing cars, 89 ft. long that can haul two large over-the-road refrigerator trucks.

Piggyback's big success naturally worries truckers, and Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa assesses trucking companies \$5 for moving any trailer that made part of the journey by rail. Despite heavy pressure from the trucking industry, the Interstate Commerce Commission recently refused to reverse its 1954 decision approving piggybacking. The railroads expect piggybacking to double by 1970, eventually account for as much as half of all U.S. freight moved by rail.

## PERSONALITIES

**H**IS early career as a laborer in the rolling mills has made Alfred S. Glossbrenner, 62, the president of Youngstown Sheet & Tube, an unusually knowledgeable executive—but it has also left a habit that exasperates his subordinates. He arrives at his office at 7:45 a.m., forcing anyone who hopes to beat him there to rise with the sun. Glossbrenner likes to be first in other ways: Sheet & Tube last month was the first of the majors to act in steel's latest round of price increases, and last week it became the first to report third-quarter earnings, which are so good (up 100%) that they may herald high profits for the entire industry. Glossbrenner is no deskman but a roamer who pops into offices, huddles on the run with his young and fanatically loyal staff, often takes off in one of the company's private planes to close a sales deal if he thinks his presence will help. He has led a civic-reform drive in Youngstown, is an opera buff who collects old Caruso records and prefers *Tristan and Isolde* above all other operas.

GLOSSBRENNER



KIRCHER

**H**E keeps his own horses, and rides to the hounds when he has time, but Donald P. Kircher, 48, president of Singer Co., has recently been fully occupied guiding his company over the hurdles of diversification and expansion. Last week he took Singer a big jump closer to the billion-dollar club with the acquisition of Friden, Inc., a maker of office automation equipment that should fit in nicely with the 112-year-old sewing-machine maker and bring its annual sales to more than \$750 million. Kircher has a firm rule that, within the U.S., his acquisitions must be in the high-growth area of fairly advanced technological fields. His close associates find him reserved but approachable, unruffled but forceful when he needs to be. He is a firm believer in individual responsibility, hates meetings and committees and expects the 13 Singer vice presidents to whom he freely delegates authority to make quick and clear decisions. A one-time lawyer (Columbia '39) who was twice wounded in World War II, Kircher lives with his family in an unpretentious ranch house in exurban New Jersey, where he keeps his stable.

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## COMMON MARKET

## Chicken Armistice

For an issue that involves barely 1% of U.S. exports to the Common Market, the chicken-tariff war has produced a ridiculous number of international conferences, alarming statements and bad gags. Last week truce was declared. After a final all-night session, bargainers in Brussels agreed to submit the disputed facts to arbitration. In the next three weeks, a panel chosen from nations not involved will determine exactly how much of U.S. chicken exports to the Common Market have been affected by the restrictions of the Six. The U.S. claims that the loss is \$46 million a year, the Europeans that it is only \$19 million.

The truce will settle little beyond what sums are involved. Both sides fear that yielding in the first test of Common Market agricultural protectionism would set a pattern for the later and larger decisions about wheat, corn, sorghum and rice. The Europeans stipulated that the panel's fact findings are not to be legally binding; the panel will not even consider possible remedies for the lost U.S. chicken business. Still, optimists hope that during the truce, both sides may find it easier to make concessions.

At week's end, with apt but accidental timing, the Common Market automatically lowered its chicken levy to compensate for rising world prices. The tariff fell by 1.1¢, to 12.3¢ per pound, which is still almost three times what it used to be.

## AFRICA

## A Mountain of Riches

The local tribesmen have long avoided fog-shrouded Mount Nimba in Western Liberia as a spot inhabited by *diwua*—the sinister "little people" who have old men's faces and feet that turn backward. But Scottish Geologist Sandy Clark, a more prosaic fellow, found no such world of spirits when he scaled Nimba eight years ago. He found something almost as extraordinary: "a world of iron ore"—one of the largest reserves of high-grade ore (at least 260 million tons) ever discovered.

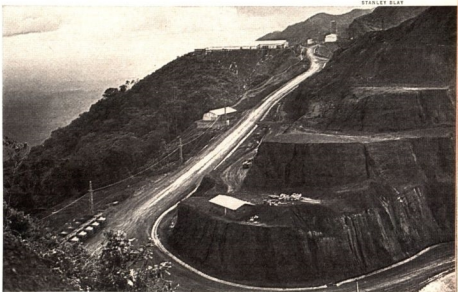
Since then, 17,200 men from 21 countries have labored and eight companies have invested \$220 million to turn Nimba's jagged 111-acre summit into a massive mine. Last week huge shovels scooped Nimba's soft ore into 32-ton haulpaks, native drilling teams dotted the mountainside and a fully automated crushing plant ground out ore for shipment to a man-made harbor at Buchanan.

**Brand-New City.** The financial genius behind Nimba is Swedish financier Marcus Wallenberg, 64 (TIME, June 7), who saw the opportunities in Liberia and knitted together half a dozen

Swedish mining companies and U.S. and German financial interests into a complex consortium called LAMCO—Liberian American-Swedish Minerals Co. LAMCO dispatched Geologist Clark to Nimba when almost everyone else in Liberia was searching elsewhere for iron. After Clark's discovery, President William Tubman's government gave the company exemption from taxes and a mining concession until 2023 in return for half ownership of LAMCO. A substantial junior partner in the project, along with LAMCO, is Bethlehem Steel, which invested \$55 million and will take one-fourth of Nimba's 7.5 million-ton

ity. The Swedes unwisely promised to train Liberians for skilled-labor and executive jobs in advance, then found that during the hectic construction period they had no time to do any training. Though the company is belatedly catching up with its promise, it has ruffled feelings among the Liberians.

Still, Liberia has compelling reasons for not wanting to alienate LAMCO. Partly in anticipation of rich revenues from the consortium, President Tubman and his ministers went on a spending and building spree that landed Liberia in bad financial straits last spring. Tubman, 68, had to promise the Interna-



LAMCO PLANT IN LIBERIA

*The spirits inhabited a world of ore.*

annual output. The rest will go to German, French and Italian steel plants.

Dozens of top companies have had a hand in building the Nimba facilities. The U.S.'s Raymond International Inc. laid the 167-mile railroad from Nimba to Buchanan and built a seaport there from breakwater up. The Netherlands' Phillips installed an electronic rail-traffic control system; Krupp made the ore-handling equipment. Aided by a maze of conveyor belts and closed-circuit TV control panels, LAMCO can load ore into a ship in less than nine hours after it has been mined. At the foot of Mount Nimba has grown up Liberia's third largest community, where most of the company's 470 foreign staff and their families live in comfortable houses designed in Swedish modern.

**Too Much Rain.** LAMCO has had its troubles. Liberia's 180-in. annual rainfall has repeatedly washed away roads and railbeds. European and American managers quarreled under the strain of high-pressure work at high-level humid-

tional Monetary Fund that Liberia would enact fiscal reforms in return for an IMF loan to tide the country over until its profits from LAMCO begin to build up in six or seven years.

## BRITAIN

## Rover All Over

As London's motor show opened last week, the crowds clustered around a car that the Times of London called "the undisputed star of the show." It was not so radical looking—except for the name it bore. The Rover 2000 is a daring gamble by one of Britain's oldest and most conservative automakers.

**Engineer's Company.** So Italianate are the new Rover lines that test cars ran for months on the Continent without anyone's ever suspecting that they were in fact new Rovers. Past Rover styling had been so stodgy that it appealed mostly to old ladies and to the slower-moving among Britain's landed gentry. Rover concentrated so much on engineering that styling was almost an

afterthought. "This is an engineer's company," says lanky Peter Wilks, 43, Rover's director of engineering and a former racing driver. "That means nobody pushes engineers around here, but it means we also get the blame."

Rover was founded in 1878 by two engineers, John Kemp Starley and William Sutton, who invented the modern bicycle with equal-sized wheels and chain-driven rear wheel that soon replaced the old penny-farthing cycles on English highways and byways. In 1904 Rover turned to making well-crafted autos, then in wartime 1940 made Britain's first jet engine for aircraft. Rover was also the world's first automaker to produce an experimental jet-powered auto, though it has not proved so usefully down to earth as the firm's tough and dependable Land-Rover.

**Crucial Decision.** In a business increasingly dominated by global giants, engineering success alone sold too few cars. Six years ago the company made the crucial decision to restyle; the responsibility for developing the new model fell to Wilks, who shares Rover's executive troika with Chairman Lovedin G.T. Farmer, 55, and Managing Director William F. Martin-Hurst.

Not since World War II has a British automaker risked so much on one model. Rover, which last year earned \$3,000,000 on estimated sales of \$75 million, borrowed \$30 million from banks to build a new plant next to its old one in the Midlands town of Solihull. The new plant has tripled Rover's capacity to 800 cars per week. Yet, because it is equipped with automated machines and computers, Rover has had to add only 400 more employees to its force of 11,500 workers.

Priced at \$3,540 in Britain (including a \$615 purchase tax), the new Rover sells for less than the cheapest Jaguar, and on the Continent should be highly competitive with the small Mercedes and Citroën. Rover executives worry whether the 2000's flashy good looks will steal sales from its staid older brothers, which are still in production. But why worry? At the London show, Rover salesmen have already collected enough orders for the new car to keep Rover's plants running at full speed for an entire year.



ROVER'S NEW "2000" MODEL  
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AER LINGUS FLIGHT FROM IRELAND  
Flying high on jigs and lox.

## AIRLINES

### Over the Sea, Ethnically

Nineteen airlines fly the North Atlantic and strive to seem different—though their planes are much the same and they charge fares, fly schedules and serve meals that are of agreed-upon similarity. To provide the margin that makes a customer prefer one to another, the airlines labor over service, atmosphere and safety performance. More and more, their admen also stress national characteristics—U.S. flying experience, French cooking, British reliability. Since the majority of transatlantic customers are American, most of the foreign lines try to appeal to their old-country loyalties. With two of the biggest blocs to draw on, Ireland's Aer Lingus and Israel's El Al are reaping an ethnic harvest. Once the two lines shared an Idlewild airport terminal that was fondly known as "Abie's Irish Airline," but booming business has forced them into separate quarters.

**Fitting the Image.** The Irish line, which started its New York run with leased Constellations in 1958, now has the highest load factor (65.6%) of any major airline over the Atlantic. It plays unabashedly on the chauvinism of U.S. Irishmen. "We try," says one executive, "to fit the image Americans have of the Irish." Fattening the image, creamy-cheeked stewardesses in heather-flecked



EL AL TERMINAL IN ISRAEL

tweeds or linens welcome passengers aboard "shamrock flights." They feed them in first class on Royal Tara china with such delicacies as grilled Liffey salmon steaks, Irish coffee and Guinness stout. All the while, Irish jigs frolic over the intercom and the captain communicates in a bog-thickened brogue. Such blarney—and the practical advantage that the Irish government permits only state-owned Aer Lingus to land at Dublin as well as Shannon—last year accounted for earnings of \$1,300,000 and a fourth year in the black on the transatlantic route.

Much the same appeal to sentiment is fostered by Israel's government-controlled El Al (Hebrew for "to the sky"). On El Al's 22 weekly trips over the 5,800 miles from New York to Tel Aviv, the passenger lists are 80% Jewish. El Al corners the groups with what it calls a "sales mating call." The rabbinically supervised menu includes gefilte fish and bagels and lox; there are also potato pancakes for Hanukkah and matzo-ball soup for Passover. The airline enjoys a 55.9% load factor, last year made a \$200,000 profit; this was not sensational, but it was better than most other state-owned lines, which are losing money.

**Orthodox Lunches.** For El Al, unlike Aer Lingus, the ethnic approach creates problems as well as customers. Obeying Jewish law, El Al loses 62 flying days annually by not operating in or out of Tel Aviv's Lod Airport on the Sabbath and religious holidays. To meet orthodox dietary prohibitions, flights are scheduled so that Jewish passengers will not be stranded at mealtime in such non-kosher cities as Teheran and Athens. And at a cargo weight loss of 600 lbs. each trip, El Al's jets carry extra pots and double sets of plates for meat and dairy dishes. Extreme Orthodox Jews, like those of the Hasidic sect, still refuse to eat El Al's meals. They are served box lunches from a special kitchen that meets their exacting standards.



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*"Three generations of yachtsmen" (Photo by Inge Merath / Magnum)*



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## Animal Crackers

**Rampage.** "The enchantress," the director of the zoo explains excitedly, "is a magnificent accident of nature, half tiger and half leopard." But when the great white hunter (Robert Mitchum) arrives in Malaya to trap this exotic specimen, he encounters an enchantress (Elsa Martinelli) who is patiently another breed of cat. Her eyes are brown, her claws are red, her coat was made by Oleg Cassini. As she glides through the jungle, her tail twitches wickedly and Mitchum's thinning hair stands on end.

On this trip, he tells himself, I am going to bag one enchantress for the zoo and the other one for myself. But before he can bag one for the zoo he must flush the elusive beast; and before he can bag the other one for himself he must somehow elude the vigilance of her mate (Jack Hawkins), another great white hunter and a mean old man besides. "Every animal," he snarls, "is entitled to kill in order to keep what belongs to him."

Animal crackers, as Hollywood plays the game, is a pleasant, simple-minded pastime that offers few surprises. This time around, Mitchum & Co. see the usual things (poisonous snakes, charging rhinos, a terribly cute baby elephant), say the usual things ("You're different from any woman I've ever known"), do the usual things (the palavers with suspicious natives, she takes a nude dip in a jungle pool). At one point Mitchum is tempted to do something different. The head boy (Sabu), grinning miscegenially, offers him the use of his wife—"Plenty for two. Is custom." Is not custom censors approve; so Hero Mitchum, gulping hard, goes



MITCHUM IN "RAMPAGE"  
Just an old Asian custom.

# South America

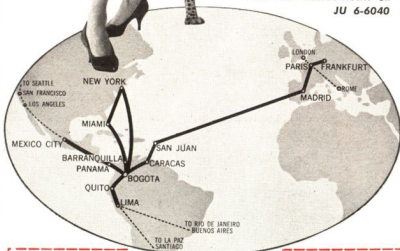
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In the end he bags both of his enchantresses. The one is obviously quite a catch. But what in Southeast Asia is the other one? Is it a tiger? No. A leopard? No. A cross between the two? Nosirree. It's just a little old jaguar painted purple.

**Ah, Sweet Misery of Life!**

**Stolen Hours.** Brain tumors can be beautiful. On Hollywood's form: sheet, a woman with a brain tumor can be practically certain that she will win the love of a handsome and successful doctor and live out her days in his tender loving care. It happened to Bette Davis



HAYWARD IN "HOURS"  
Discovery on Harley Street.

in *Dark Victory* (1939), and now it has happened to Susan Hayward.

Susan was miserable before she got her tumor. All she had was money and the things that supply it or require it: oil wells in Texas, a stately home in England, lots of yachts and a pack of International Setters baying at her heels. She didn't have love. She didn't have a rose-covered cottage by the sea. She didn't (to judge from the hours and the company she kept) have a brain in her head. But one day out of a clear sky she was told she had a tumor on it.

Overnight, her life was changed. She met a handsome young Harley Street specialist who fell madly in love with her. She had a lovely operation and came out of it feeling just fine. The doctor proposed and she said yes and they ran away to live in a charming old house on a hill overlooking a wildly romantic coast in Cornwall.

True, there was a serpent in her paradise. She knew that in a year her tumor would return, that one day suddenly she would be blind, that a few minutes later she would be dead. But death too can be beautiful, especially in *Deluxe Color*. Just as Susan's sight begins to fade, her husband is called out to deliver a baby. Nobly she resolves that



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Issue date	March 23, 1964	March 30, 1964
Black & white closing	January 26, 1964	January 27, 1964
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**THE GAMES**

	LIFE International*	LIFE en Espanol*
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NY18



# “People feel they are *BETTER* people”

---

“Among the things I’m sure we tend to take most for granted (and thus to underrate) is the fact that readers regard exposure to *Good Housekeeping* as essentially a good thing—a positive aspect of their lives—a virtue *within themselves*.

All of us do a great variety of things, ranging from some known sins and derelictions to some actions of true altruism or self sacrifice. The former, unless purged, remain with us as sources of guilt feelings; and the latter, unless somehow spoiled, provide an inner glow of goodness or accomplishment (and ordinarily lead in turn to the performance of other good things). In such a broad spectrum of conduct, the reading of *Good Housekeeping* would be clearly within the area productive both of self-appreciation and of other, consequent, outer-directed actions.

I have no doubt that this is for the most part an unperceived and unexpressed attitude within readers, but its presence is repeatedly and unmistakably revealed in letters we receive, in patterns of response to editorial items we offer, and even in objections and protests directed against what readers regard as injuries to their subconscious concept of the magazine as an element of goodness in their own lives.

In sum, then, my first point is that *people feel they are better people* because of their reading of *Good Housekeeping*—and in fact it is probably true that many of them *are*.”

*The above is an excerpt from an internal memorandum dated March 19, 1961, from Editor Wade Nichols to the editorial and advertising staffs of Good Housekeeping. Its purpose was to restate the basic editorial platform of the magazine. Good Housekeeping feels it provides an insight, possibly of public interest, into the magazine's continuing editorial policies and functions as interpreted by its editor.*

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## The Chameleon Poet

JOHN KEATS by Walter Jackson Bate. 732 pages. Harvard University Press. \$10.

JOHN KEATS by Aileen Ward. 450 pages. Viking. \$7.50.

Romantic poets, the legend went, all died young and full of melancholy. Eloquent escape artists in flight from reality, they contrived, if possible, to be afflicted alike with consumption and unrequited love—both, it was firmly understood, great heighteners of poetic sensibility. Then, like dying nightingales singing their hearts out while impaled upon the thorn of the everyday world,

ergy and passion, who used poetry not as an escape from life but as a way of laying hands on it. His story, revealed not only in his poetry but in perceptive and engaging letters, is a remarkable record of an extraordinarily hungry and ambitious mind feeding on the world. "Why should we be owls, when we can be eagles?" he wrote to his brother George who had emigrated in 1818 to America and eventually became a prosperous Louisville mill owner.

How well Keats succeeded is amply demonstrated by these two massive biographies, the first to be published in nearly 25 years. They are also the first to view Keats with neither the senti-

ment about what poetry could do and evolved a new poetic theory.

Romantic theory and practice glorified individual feeling and self-expression. Keats rejected what he called this "Wordsworthian egotistical sublime." Instead he sought to be a "chameleon poet," who is submerged in his subject through "empathy"—the projecting of one's self into the feelings of others, even such slight creatures as sparrows scrambling for crumbs in the street, or a field mouse peeping out of a field's withered grass. "Though a quarrel in the streets is a thing to be hated," he wrote to Sister Fanny, "the energies displayed in it are fine. . . This is the very stuff of poetry."

**Perilous Desolation.** These theories, which might have made Keats the first modern poet 100 years ahead of time if he had lived to carry them out, far outstripped his poetic practice. But they provide a fascinating commentary on the elegant debate that he carried on with himself in poem after poem. It grew from his short life's continual conflict between delight in the rich, romantic dream worlds that he was so skilled at creating, and the pull of complex humanity, which he saw but understood art could never fully trap. In his most famous *Ode* (to a Nightingale), the voice of the bird has touched the hearts of many men and united them in awareness of their common humanity; but it also has lured them into the perilous desolation of an imaginary world where no human face or voice is seen or heard:

*The voice I hear this passing night  
was dead*

*In ancient days by emperor and  
clown:*

*Perhaps the self-same song that found  
a path*

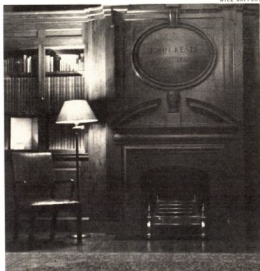
*Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,  
sick for home*

*She stood in tears amid the alien  
corn:*

*The same that oft-times hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening  
on the foam*

*Of perilous seas, in faery lands  
forlorn.*

Biographer Bate, Lowell Professor of the Humanities at Harvard, sometimes detours through academic bogs, especially when he is taking the reader by the hand through every well-known poem Keats ever wrote. Aileen Ward, who teaches at Sarah Lawrence, is briefer, less searching, more wrapped up in the psychology of such things as Keats's ambivalent feeling toward women—indeed, Miss Ward feels, by his shock when his mother married again barely two months after the death of his father. On many insignificant details—such as whether Keats had syphilis when he wrote *Endymion*—the two biographers differ sharply (Ward: yes, Bate: no). But they emphatically agree that Fanny Brawne, the girl Keats wanted to marry, was not the heartless flirt that Keats's friends and generations of Keats's sympathizers make her out to be. She loved Keats and was patient



KEATS ROOM AT HARVARD'S HOUGHTON LIBRARY

In place of a dying nightingale, a fledgling eagle.



W. J. BATE



AILEEN WARD

they poured forth their pain in richly draped iambs.

This precious caricature was never really accurate. But it was never more misleading than when applied to John Keats, the one Romantic poet whose outward life it seemed most to resemble. Keats's life was a series of buffetings by a fate cruel enough to suit the most sentimental of Victorian preconceptions. He lost his father at eight, his mother at 14, his brother Tom at 23, and died himself of tuberculosis at 25. His appointed guardian, Tea Merchant George Abbey, hated him. Abbey apprenticed him to a doctor, tried to keep him from seeing his younger sister Fanny, and cheated the orphaned Keats children of most of the money they had been left by their innkeeper father.

**Hungry Mind.** But far from fading away under these tribulations, Keats fought on ferociously. Though he was only 5 ft. tall, he was strong—he once whipped a butcher boy twice his size because the boy had been tormenting a kitten. Keats was, in fact, an extraordinarily tough-minded fellow, full of en-

mentality of the Victorians, who could not see the man clearly for the legend they had themselves invented, nor the irritability of the succeeding Imagists, who deprecated his poetry because of his "imprecise" romanticism. But poetry is an art of masterpieces; a life's work of competent versifying has not the staying power of a single poem that lodges in the race's memory. Keats wrote four or five such poems, which possess that special magic without which a poem is merely verse. Although current poetic taste leans to the sinewy complexities of Donne and Eliot and Auden, Keats probably draws and has drawn more young readers to poetry than any other writer except Shakespeare.

**Down with the Sparrows.** The span of his creative life was incredibly brief. At 18, still apprenticed to the surgeon, he was barely able to imitate second-rate writers like Leigh Hunt, and was proud of such dreadful lines as "Ah God, she is like a milk white lamb that bleats." In the next four years, he completed a verse play and nearly all of the poems that were to establish him among the immortals. And in his letters, he

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### Rudyard Kipling travels half around the world to visit Mark Twain

In the summer of 1889 young Rudyard Kipling visited Mark Twain. Of that historic meeting Twain said—  
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taste its greatness.

with his on-again, off-again courtship. Keats's tragedy was neither unrequited love nor bad treatment by the world. It was tuberculosis, which he caught while nursing his brother Tom. Given the medical practice of the day, it killed him. Nothing could be more harrowing than descriptions of Keats's final weeks in Rome. When he coughed up two cupfuls of blood one morning, the doctor felt obliged to bleed him two cups more "to relieve inflammation." Then he was put on a starvation diet of "one anchovy and a morsel of bread a day." As a medical student, Keats knew long before this that he was as good as dead anyway. He struggled to make his death easier for Joseph Severn, the kind but ineffectual painter who nursed him. Severn had never seen anyone die. Keats punned "a hundred times a day" and made jokes to divert him. "Severn," he gasped when the final moment came, "lift me up—I am dying." Then he added reassuringly, "Don't be afraid."

FRED STEIN



ILSE AICHINGER

*Homunculi in a playpen.*

## The Wise Victims

HEROD'S CHILDREN by Ilse Aichinger. 238 pages. Atheneum. \$4.50.

The human mind has been haunted for 2,000 years by the Massacre of the Innocents, in which men killed children for reasons of state beyond the comprehension of their age group. Adolf Hitler is today's Herod, according to Viennese novelist Ilse Aichinger, and she has undertaken the tremendous responsibility of explaining what children thought about it all. In a thoroughly unbearable novel called *Herod's Children*, she invokes both recent history and Biblical Judea to belabor the reader's conscience with things that most people prefer to forget.

A group of children move between dreams, Passion plays, and a sort of endless hiding game in which the state is "It." There are imaginary angels, Ro-



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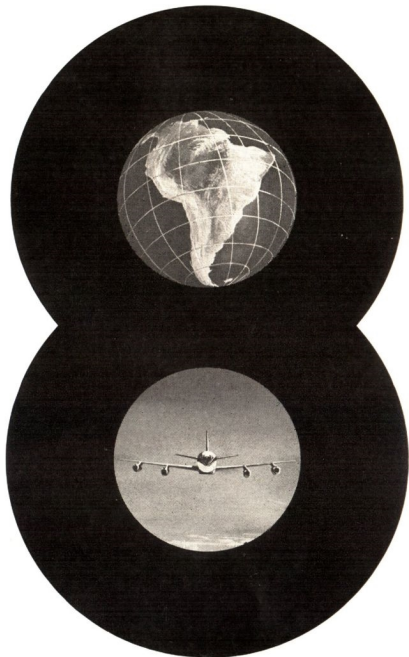
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## Now! 8 Jets a week to South America

Here it is: the greatest news about South America since the discovery of Machu Picchu — Braniff Airways and Eastern Air Lines are expanding their schedule to 8 Jets a week (starting October 27). These luxurious El Dorado Super Jets will leave from New York and Miami, and will include daylight flights to Panama and Bogota, as well as early afternoon and evening departures to Lima, Buenos Aires, São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. Go First Class, with the elegance of Gold Service, or in economical tourist. In both, you'll find superb food, comfort and

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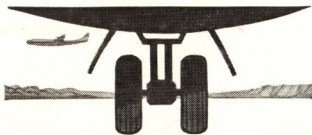
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### TIME WAS . . . 1930

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TIME, SEPT. 1, 1930

"In Chicago, Al Capone's friends awaited his homecoming."

TIME, MARCH 24, 1930

"Dr. Goddard will now set to building powerful rockets which will carry aloft barometers, thermometers, air sampling traps."

TIME, JULY 21, 1930

"That's our electric janitor . . . it looks like a mere thermometer and clock."

From a Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co. advertisement in TIME, April 7, 1930, the beginning of 32 years of Minneapolis-Honeywell advertising in TIME.



man soldiery, Marthas and Marys galore and child tramps who may or may not be held to represent the Three Kings of the East.

Unhappily Frau Aichinger, who was in her 20s when the sealed trains were rolling toward the death camps, has chosen to invest her innocent victims with an awful kind of knowledge of what they are in for. But the tragedy of innocence is that it does not know. When invested with the wisdom-after-the-event which properly belongs to the adult survivor, the children are less than the truth—they destroy pity because they are so self-consciously aware that they are pitiable. Anyone who ever wanted to tear the epaulets off Shirley Temple's Little Colonel will find himself unsympathetic to the doomed child who says: "I can't let my mother go alone, Mister Consul. Whom would she slap when she can't bear it any longer?"

Such a book cannot be dismissed by a shrug of criticism. But perhaps the best thing to do would be to remember the real children and forget the book's theological homunculi in their barbed-wire playpen.

## The Touch of a Feather

ARK OF EMPIRE by Dale Van Every.  
383 pages. Morrow. \$6.

The first brushfire war in U.S. history began—like many such wars— with a peace treaty. When Britain came to terms with American independence in 1783, the fighting ceased in the populous east. But west of the Appalachians, the frontier settlements found themselves still at war. Indians, supplied and encouraged by the British, attacked forts, raided settlements and terrorized isolated settlers. The British, with well-conceived malice aforethought, were trying hard to stem the westward surge of the energetic new Americans. They came in on foot along Daniel Boone's Wilderness Road or down the Ohio River on flatboats. A flatboat, though little more than a raft thrown together at the headwaters of the Ohio for a one-way trip, could carry a family or two with children, slaves, cattle, even a wagon. "The lowly raft had become an ark sweeping a whole people into possession of an empire," writes Historian Van Every in the third installment of his projected four-volume chronicle of *The Frontier People of America*.

**Secession Sentiment.** As the settler population doubled and doubled again, the rising ferocity of Indian resistance was not the only danger. Beyond the Indians to the southwest were the Spanish in New Orleans, the "stopper in the Mississippi bottle," blocking the only cheap export route. Behind the Indians to the northwest were the British, arming the tribes, pre-empting the fur trade, still holding Detroit and the other lake posts they had agreed in the peace treaty to give up. The feeble Continental Congress in Washington was weeks away by hard roads and not much

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interested in backing up the settlers.  
By the late 1780s, every influential  
western leader was "publicly proclaiming  
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ment." Separatist plans were rife:  
one scheme set up the state of Franklin,  
complete with constitution and elected  
governor. In Washington's phrase, "the  
touch of a feather" might have turned  
the frontier to independence, or even to  
an alliance with Great Britain.

**Swagger & Treachery.** From the tur-  
moil rose truly remarkable men, who  
swagger through Van Every's pages. Jo-  
seph Brant was a sophisticated Mohawk  
chieftain, who was born in a wigwam  
but was equally at home in London so-  
ciety. He was perhaps the only Indian  
leader who fully understood the fatal  
consequences of Indian disunity. Alex-

SETTWAN ARCHIVE



FLATBOAT ON THE OHIO

*They burst the stopper in the bottle.*

ander McGillivray, the son of a Scottish  
trader and an Indian beauty, became  
paramount leader of the Creek nation  
and a diplomatist of genius, who main-  
tained his people's independence long  
after the other tribes had surrendered.

Even more remarkable was James  
Wilkinson, an adventurer who became  
political boss of Kentucky and eventual-  
ly the U.S. Army, while taking huge  
sums in bribes from the Spanish, the  
English, the French and home-grown  
land speculators.

**Fallen Timbers.** The figure in the  
background who dominated them all  
was Washington. As President under the  
new Constitution, he used the strength-  
ened powers of the national government  
to prevent war with Britain while the  
settlements grew, to negotiate the even-  
tual British evacuation of the lakes  
posts, and to appoint "Mad Anthony"  
Wayne to command a federal army to  
take the field against the Indians.

On Aug. 20, 1794, in the battle called  
Fallen Timbers near a British fort in  
northwestern Ohio, General Wayne's  
disciplined infantry routed a large In-  
dian army. The pursuing Americans saw

# Sentry reports

on how to be a smart (if not positively brilliant) insurance buyer

**Because nobody gets rich by being dumb about money**, we're addressing this message about smart buying to you as a (presumably) affluent—or soon to be affluent—reader of *Time*. Being a somewhat unorthodox insurance company, we suspect that even smart people secretly wonder if they're being as bright as they might be about their insurance. Again, being somewhat unorthodox, we presume to tell you that your secret thoughts are right.

**In fact, you're exceptional if** your homeowners insurance would replace more than a few rooms . . . if your life insurance would replace more than a year of your present earnings . . . if your personal liability protection would pay even a third of the typical jury awards being socked against people in upper income brackets today.



*It's strange but true that a man whose liability insurance is so dangerously thin he could be a pawnbroker's pigeon the rest of his life, will boast about how his insurance paid for a cigarette burn in his cashmere jacket.*

**The secret of being a smart insurance buyer** is to put your insurance dollars against the really big risks . . . and to *insure yourself* against those financial risks that might be a little painful but wouldn't really break you. For instance, take a look at your auto policy. Does it give you protection for all your collision damage after the first \$50.00, but only \$50,000 protection for your personal liability? It would make sense to insure yourself for the first \$100 of collision damage . . . and use the money you save to buy liability limits of \$300,000 or even \$500,000, which is none too much for a successful man today.

*This is the modern approach to insurance that typifies the Sentry Insurance idea: whether it be protection for your life, home, personal possessions, car or boat, Sentry Insurance programs are geared to provide big basic benefits for the major needs and to stretch insurance dollars for the policyholder far enough to cover such a program. Frills, petty claims, coverage of minor risks can only run up your cost of insurance. We eliminate them for the smart buyer.*

**Like more information on being a smart** (if not positively brilliant) insurance buyer? We have a lively little booklet called "Thrift Tips" that's packed with approximately 100 specific suggestions on getting more for your insurance dollar. For your copy, just drop a postcard to Sentry Insurance, Stevens Point 3, Wisconsin. Or call the Sentry Insurance man in your locality. He's in the yellow pages.



"What! After 60 years, change a fine old name like Hardware Mutuals to Sentry Insurance!"



"Not a bad idea."

**Why can't somebody do something** about those big insurance bills coming due just when you're least prepared? Somebody has. Sentry Insurance's Budget Plan enables you to pay for all your insurance with one check, once a month like the light bill if you prefer. One company, one premium notice, one insurance man to deal with. Ask your Sentry Insurance man for the facts. It's pleasant listening.

For the sake of simplicity, we now sign our name Sentry Insurance. But if you just received a claim check signed Hardware Mutuals, don't panic. The bank will still cash it.



**SENTRY  INSURANCE**

Hardware Mutuals • Sentry Life

Hardware Mutual Casualty Company, Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Insurance Company and Sentry Life Insurance Company • Home Office, Stevens Point, Wis. • Offices coast to coast

as long as you're up get me a Grant's®



Would you, darling? Say, did you know Grant's 8 is still made by the original Grant family and they still age it at the original Glenfiddich distillery in Scotland for 8 years and I still think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. What? You haven't heard a word I said? Forget it, but don't forget my Grant's.

The choice and cherished 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Eighty-six proof. Imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York

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**BH&G HOMEOWNERS** — biggest and best market for home furnishings!

## We write the scripts for America's greatest family acts

Who are the best prospects for new home furnishings? Better Homes & Gardens active, affluent homeowners! 83% of all BH&G families own their homes — highest percentage among all big-circulation magazines (Starch, 1963). And they own more homes valued at \$20,000 and over than any other monthly magazine in the Simmons Study.

The most meaningful "statistic" is this: Better Homes & Gardens is *the* big, selective buying guide for husbands and wives who have a deep interest in

home and family as the focal point of their lives. They buy the magazine to help them live better, buy better and buy more.

This is the ideal editorial environment to present furniture, fabrics, floor coverings . . . *everything* that will find a ready, willing, and able-to-buy audience of 17,121,000 adult readers every month!

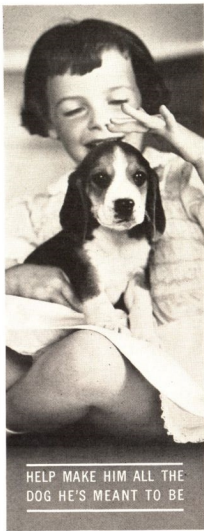
Source: Audience data © Simmons Study of Selective Markets and Media Reaching Them, 1963 Standard Magazine Report.

**BH&G's Size, Selectivity, Service Sell Best**

# Better Homes

Circulation: 6,000,000 and Gardens





## A pedigreed puppy has so much to grow for!

Watching a puppy grow is a delight. And a responsibility. He needs the proper care to realize his potential.

Now, to get puppies off to a fine start, Ken-I. Biskit comes in a new Small Kibble form . . . small bits, easier to eat, easier to mix in junior diets. Until now available only to professionals, it's on your grocer's shelves today.

Professional breeders feed and recommend Ken-I. Biskit. It's more than just a complete diet. Ken-I. Biskit's concentrated; so, cup for cup, you feed less. Yet, because it's oven-roasted for extra flavor and digestibility, your dog gets full satisfaction without overeating.

These are important reasons why Ken-I. Biskit is the official food at more American Kennel Club shows than all other foods combined.

New small bits  
for  
puppy diets

DOG FOOD  
OF CHAMPIONS



the gates of the British fort close in the face of the fleeing Indians. Indian trust of their British allies disappeared in smoking rage, and their attacks ceased. The national government had proved itself. Separatist sentiments evaporated. Less than a decade later, Napoleon sold the U.S. a Louisiana Territory he couldn't have held. The flatboat and Fallen Timbers had made it clear who owned America.

## Green Goods & Grey Men

POWERS OF ATTORNEY by Louis Auchincloss. 280 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.50.

The suspicion that lawyers are not as other men will be deepened rather than dispelled by Author-Lawyer Louis Auchincloss' twelve stories about Tower, Tilney & Webb, a great New York law firm. Auchincloss has become a habitual bestseller with his tales and novels (*The Injustice Collectors*) about the hereditary rich and the lawyers who themselves become rich by helping the rich stay that way. His current stories are about a specialized tribe within the specialized race—the grey men who deal in "green goods" (securities), and the sharpies who can reduce the tax bite to a friendly nip.

All the characters at Tower, Tilney & Webb, from Senior Partner Clitus Tilney down to the most recent ex-editor of the *Yale Law Journal*, regard it as the summit of human felicity to be senior partner of Tower, Tilney & Webb. All the behavior of all the characters, even to their manner of dress and the way their hair grows (thick for the comers, sparse, long, oily or fluffy for the outsiders and no-hopers), centers on this notion. Their private life is spent among other lawyers and their wives. They move by the tropisms of power and fear in a world of reaching hands and rapped knuckles.

In terms of this barren pettifoggery, Auchincloss works out a dozen neat but wholly unreal fictional theorems. They are good stories in the sense that the recognizable counters are moved to the appropriate squares. Lawyer A from Yale, with the dark tie and thick short hair, goes one up (associate to partner), B from Columbia, with the silvery tie and slick hair, goes down and out. And so the game goes on down Wall Street, with imaginary ladders and real snakes.

The bleak and repellent egotism of the Auchincloss characters can only be based on the primitive assumptions about human nature that are made in a court of law, where it is weirdly believed that intricate psychological matters may be accounted for in answers to questions asked by a total stranger. It may be sound law, but it is fictional malpractice. However, Louis Auchincloss may be profitably read for a glimpse of law's expensive mystery. It is seldom that the layman gets a chance to improve his knowledge of legal matters for as little as \$4.50.

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## WHEN THE NEWS BREAKS

TIME puts the pieces together.

You can tune in or read the early editions minutes after an event, and get a story.

TIME however is a weekly report of the news. The timing makes the vital difference. TIME reports the event, and also the background, the meaning, the implications—that larger dimension where we see the news set against the vital issues of today.



## "I've Never Been East of the Rockies"

And there are those who've never been west of the Hudson, north of Chicago or south of St. Louis. People live where they reside. Even though the seven CBS Owned radio stations carry the complete schedule of the nation's most respected broadcast news service—CBS News—



it still takes 107 *local* newsmen to provide local news coverage. These men belong to the communities they serve. It's another example of how a radio station must be run...at home. The way CBS Owned radio stations are. That's why people listen...with attention.

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WBBM Chicago / WGBS New York / WCAU Philadelphia / WEEI Boston / KMOX St. Louis / KNX Los Angeles / KGBS San Francisco

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PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK.

## SOLITUDE

This is a private affair . . .

. . . the rapport between the perceptive . . .

. . . and the perceived . . .

. . . between artist . . .

. . . and critic.

She sharpens her eye in museum and art gallery . . .

. . . sharpens her ear at concert and opera . . .

. . . sharpens her mind on books and magazines.

These are *all* private affairs, with concentration at its keenest . . .

. . . absorption at its peak.

Solitary . . .

. . . but not alone. Her friends are interesting . . . her family stimulating. She enjoys the exhilaration that stems from sharing ideas and thoughts and opinions.

Within these pages, she finds information and products that quicken her imaginative senses . . .

. . . and satisfy her quest for intellectual challenge.

She's a thought and opinion leader . . .

. . . and she reads this magazine, just as you do.

**MAGAZINES...** *your world of ideas and products*

But... who are  
the transatlantic  
shipping  
"pro's" ?

## SEABOARD WORLD AIRLINES

... the airline that carries more freight across  
the Atlantic than any other airline.

What kind of airplanes do they fly?



◀ CL-44 SWingtails. The first long-range airplane built from start to finish for airfreight. It has 32 tons capacity — more than most boxcars. You know, the tail on the prop-jet CL-44 swings back, and automatic loading machinery eases your freight straight into the fuselage, smooth and steady.

Seaboard World's the only carrier operating SWingtails exclusively to carry defense and commercial traffic for the Atlantic Community.

Interesting, but we ship practically every day — we need scheduled service frequency, too.

That's exactly what you get from Seaboard World. "Multiple flights daily," I hear. Gives you a regular pipeline for constant flow over the ocean at high speed. ▶



Our units probably couldn't fit into their aircraft.



◀ Are you kidding! Seaboard World can handle anything up to 89 feet long and 10 feet wide.

I'd better look into it. Maybe they can help us expand our sales overseas.



◀ They've certainly got the savvy. In fact, I've heard Seaboard World called "the airline's airline" — also "the Shipping World's Airline" because they concentrate on airfreight.

Like a wholesaler, you might say?

◀ That's a good word for it. Rates are going down, too.

I wonder if Seaboard World can help in our marketing.

Sure thing. Look into their Transatlantic Trade Development Program for Air. They'll work up a total distribution cost analysis and supply information, contacts, and brawn as well as brains to help your business across the water. Seaboard World links Europe and the U.S.A., and their boys are pretty close to the production and marketing picture on both sides. ▶



Hey, speaking of marketing, let's look at those figures again. But I'd like to talk more about Seaboard World later.

◀ Ship with them, Bill. Let their service do the talkin'.



CONTACT YOUR AGENT, FORWARDER, OR  
**SEABOARD WORLD AIRLINES**

SCHEDULED TRANSATLANTIC CARGO

GENERAL OFFICE: N.Y. International Airport • Offices in Principal Cities of Europe and U.S.A.







TRW makes a computer that analyzes how an astronaut's heart beats in space.

TRW makes power steering pumps used in millions of American cars.

TRW is building OGO, a new spacecraft which can carry 50 experiments into space.

TRW is a corporation diversified in the automotive, aerospace, and electronics fields, with offices and facilities in Cleveland, Los Angeles and major cities of the world.

**TRW**

THOMPSON RAMO WOOLDRIDGE INC.



PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCH LOMOND, SCOTLAND. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 55 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.

## The barley, the peat, the barrels, the water, the geese and the "nose" that make Ballantine's the true and good-tasting Scotch.

A true and good-tasting Scotch Whisky like Ballantine's doesn't just happen.

It takes many special ingredients, methods and skills to produce it. Above are a few unique to Ballantine's.

The barley comes from special high-yield seeds supplied by Ballantine's to Scottish farmers.

The peat which is burned to dry the malted-barley lends flavor and character to the spirits.

The aging barrels are oak, charred inside to help soothe the whisky during its lengthy slumbering period.

The water used comes from Loch Lomond (in background). It is extra soft, salt-free and iron-free.


The geese are a proud gaggle of guards, employed at our aging sheds for their ability to honk a warning at the approach of intruders.

The "nose" is Ronnie Colville, a master-blender of rare talents. With a sniff of his sensitive nose, he can tell if our final product is up to snuff.

These elements all go toward making Ballantine's the true and good-tasting Scotch Whisky—never heavy or brash, nor so limply-light that it merely teases your taste buds.



Never heavy. Never limply-light. Always the true and good-tasting Scotch.



*Every Parliament  
gives you  
extra margin*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Tobacco tastes  
best when  
filter's recessed*



recessed